

A MAGAZINE OF ART AND LABOR

NEW MASSES

JULY, 1928

15c



A Mexican Labor Poster—Drawn by MAXIMO PACHECO

Poems and Tales by Miners, Sailors, Clerks, Carpenters, Etc.

GENERAL SANDINO'S YOUTH

—by his brother, Socrates

AMONG THE LUMBERJACKS

—by Walter Barber

A POSTAL CLERK'S DREAMS

—by Paul Bradford

A SOVIET HUCKLEBERRY FINN

—by A. B. Magil

THE MAKING OF A THIEF

—by Ernest Booth

ON A SECTION GANG

—by Michael Gold

GIRLS IN JAIL

—by Dorothy Day

MY TRIP TO AUSTRALIA

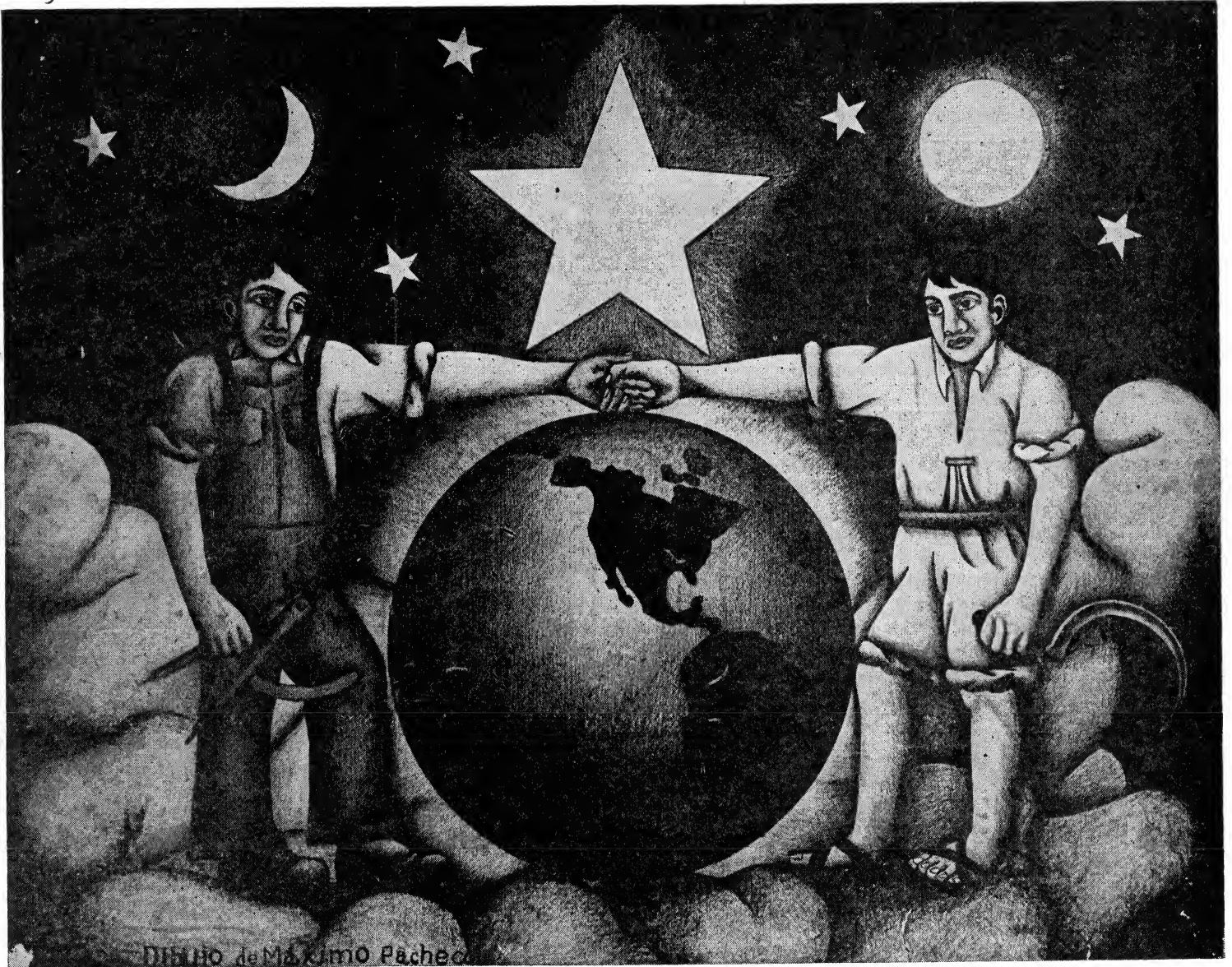
—by Blackie the Sailor

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WRITE FOR US!

THERE was an amazing response to the June issue of the New Masses; the first under the new management.

The magazine sold out on the newsstands. We've had to increase our printing order by 3000 copies this month; there's been a jump in advertising, too; and over 300 new subscriptions came in.

This is fine. It gives us hope. But it is not enough. We are going to practise open diplomacy in our relations with our readers from now on. Frankly, there is enough money to get the July number out, and to keep the office running for two weeks beyond that.

There will NOT BE an August number unless our rebel readers come through with another glorious burst of friendship and aid. You must send in all the subscriptions you can spear. If you know any millionaires, talk their ears off until they give you a check for the New Masses.

If you are a crap-shooter or gamble in the stock market, send us 10% of your winnings as conscience money.

There are only two paid workers in this office. They get the wages of an office boy; soon they will get less. Therefore we have no hesitation in asking our workingclass readers to help us if you like the magazine. We know we are as broke as you are; and that this is YOUR magazine.

Yes, every other magazine is written by professional writers. Every other magazine is always hunting for "big names." But we want the working men, women, and children of America to do most of the writing in the New Masses. The product may be crude, but it will be truth. And truth, though she slay us, is the most beautiful of gods in the pantheon.

There has been much theorizing about a workers' art in America. The one way it can be built, we believe, is by starting at the foundations.

We want the raw materials of the workers' art in the New Masses. If a proletarian genius arrives, it will be ready for him.

WE WANT TO PRINT:

Confessions—diaries—documents—

The concrete—

Letters from hoboes, peddlers, small town atheists, unfrocked clergymen and schoolteachers—

Revelations by rebel chambermaids and night club waiters—

The sobs of driven stenographers—

The poetry of steel workers—

The wrath of miners—the laughter of sailors—

Strike stories, prison stories, work stories—

Stories by Communist, I. W. W. and other revolutionary workers.

Everyone has a great tragic-comic story to tell. Almost everyone in America feels oppressed and wants to speak out somewhere. Tell us your story. It is sure to be significant. Tell it simply and sincerely, in the form of a letter. Don't worry about style, grammar or syntax. Write as you talk. Write. Let America know the heart and mind of the workers.

THEY LIKE THE NEW MASSES

FROM A GREAT TEACHER

Dear Mike:—

Don't let the New Masses die!
It needn't.

There is plenty of room for it—thousands of lonely men and women all over this United States are looking for a light. Give it to them!

The New Masses must be a real paper—determined, hard-hitting, satirical—full of understanding and sympathy for the class struggle. The country needs a magazine that interprets through art forms—pictures, cartoons, poems, stories—what the class conscious workers and farmers are trying to do.

Magazines like the New Masses can put life and spirit into the movement—picture it, inspire it. You and Hugo and a few more who believe in a Workers' New World will have to stick on the job for years and put it across. You will have to be both business-like and daring. At the beginning you will have to withstand poverty and later on the much more terrible danger of prosperity.

But what is more worth it?

What will be more useful than the New Masses when we face our next big crisis in the fight which we are waging with the American wealth lords?

Fraternally yours,
SCOTT NEARING.

A YOUNG MINER

Dear Mike—

Hurrah for the new New Masses! It makes me want to write to you. I've got a lot of coal dust in my system that I have a choice of writing or sweating out. I'll try to do both. I've got a sketch on the Molly Maguires I'll work on and shape for you. It is my dream that some day I'll catch the inner spirit of the miner, and put it on paper. All my life I've been living with miners, a miner myself. Brookwood Labor College has been a pausing place for me, an interlude in a life of labor and rebellion. It has given me a chance to look about and see what my life has been and the life of my fellow toilers in the hard coal.

I'm off for Europe and Asia this summer for a year's study. I expect to work in mines in Germany, Russia, France and China. Hope to send you monthly sketches. Keep up the magazine. Let's have a worker's art in America!

Katonah, N. Y.

Fraternally,
ED FALKOWSKI..

EDITOR OF A SWELL MAGAZINE

Dear Michael Gold:

I think the new form of the New Masses is most distinguished and appropriate. I get the feeling from this latest number that new strength is coming into the magazine and that it will be full of the spirit that has always made it an admirable publication. The best of luck to you!

Sincerely yours,
SEWARD COLLINS,
Editor of The Bookman.

AN OLD-TIMER

The Mercury nor the Nation are not a forum for the proletariat. Proletarian stuff rarely adorns their pages.

Pink radicals, their pride is on their intellectual intelligence and collegiate expression. They know almost nothing of those skilled in the arts of producing material things and when he writes to them if his diction is not good his letter is scrapped. Tho they themselves are unable to produce those things which sustain their own lives and give it zest and comfort, they still view themselves as being our superiors. We need the New Masses. The number of people who live in the Tiger's Cage (N. Y. City) should be able to support several like it.

I am enclosing you a check of \$2.00 for renewal under the reorganization. This is not much, I know, but you should remember I am upon the "scrap-heap," rapidly nearing the three-score-and-ten mark but still game and a Red.

Fairhope, Ala.

Yours fraternally,
G. S. HOFFECKER.

A YOUNG PAPERMAKER

The old New Masses was a trifle restrained, it was correctly dressed, with well manicured nails, and only too often gave one the impression that it was scented with the Fifth Avenue scent.

I like the new size better, I like the paper better, and I like the material better. Martin Russak is the only proletarian poet who writes of his environment at all successfully. I was surprised and immensely uplifted by your praise of transition—I had wondered how New Masses had missed that most interesting bunch of expatriates.

By God! if New Masses is to be the voice of the low-brow, failure, rebel, boy worker, ditch digger, I am yours to a cinder, indeed. Don't try to be respectable—we can always get the Dial, New Republic, and the Nation when we hunger for the clean white pants of respectability.

I forgot to tell you—I am a so-called papermaker—at least I work as a member of the Int'l Brotherhood of Papermakers, but it's all a lie. I am only a beaterman and the union is for the aristocrats making ten and twelve bucks a day.

I would send you more kale, but I'm cutting loose in about two weeks, to see America First. At least four months of bumming over these delectable states, before I'll settle down again and try to get ahead. I am 22 years old now and I won't be a tired radical until I am forty—so you may depend upon me for at least 18 years yet. . . .

Yours to a cinder,
JOE KOLAR.

International Falls, Minn.

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THE MAKING OF A THIEF

By ERNEST BOOTH, [Life Prisoner]

HE IS NOW about twenty-two. Even three years in prison have done little but add to his attractive appearance. I watched him as he passed me in the huge messhall, one evening. In height, above normal; and he walked with the easy, confident gait of youth. Dark-haired and even darker-eyed, his complexion seemed the fairer because of the contrast. His chin has a cleft in it and his mouth is firm without being too-aggressive:

"I've two years more before I go up for parole," he said to me as we stood in the cell-yard while other prisoners filed out from the mess-hall.

"But—why in the name of all that's sensible did you do it?" I knew that he was serving a sentence of five years to life, and that the amount secured in his robbery of a movie ticket-office had been less than one hundred dollars. "You had a job and were making fairly good money—why did you step out with a gun and come near to getting yourself killed?"

Floyd grinned. "That's what I've asked myself a hundred times, and I don't know any more about it now than I did then. Reading about all the big money that was being stolen, and wanting to make a flash—guess that explains it as much as anything does, except, that I'm the biggest sap that ever lived, for doing it."

Just then the bell rang announcing "lockup" began to toll. We parted, to go to our respective cells. I gazed upon thirty-five hundred men as they swarmed the balconies along the sides of the cellblocks, seeking their assigned toms, and I noted many who were replicas of Floyd. Some I knew by name, others by reputation. Their youth was unmistakable—and their sentences were uniform: five years to life.

"Wanting to make a flash," Floyd had said. I pondered long on that before I began this article, and the conclusion that forced itself upon me was this:

Within everyone of these men of Floyd's type there are instinctive motives that react upon the ideas that talk, books, newspapers, and school-teachers have implanted there. And these motives have taken the form of an anti-social action.

The usual way of looking at men of Floyd's type is through glasses which fiction writers have adjusted to the reading-public's eyes. The result is that readers are prone to believe that men commit crimes only during moments of crisis. The formula is usually built up from any one of several stock formulas to reach a "crisis." That is fiction. Because the actual manner in which a man usually commits a crime is the result of events and incidents long-ago absorbed. And these forces have been at work upon him for so long that he has come to accept them as natural, unaware that they have but usurped the place of natural forces. Watch Floyd as his mind is prepared for the moment when he commits the actual robbery.

At school he was filled with the stories by Grimm. Later, he fed on the puerile guff that passes for love-stories, action stories, and, being young and impressionable—he absorbed parts of them. Instead of discarding them as the light bits of fiction they are, he

believed them. And his mind is impregnated with the "Cinderella" theme, "Virtue Triumphant," and Alger's "Pluck and Luck" senility. He comes to believe that his efforts will be rewarded, not in the slow manner that success is attained, but through some special dispensation of Providence. Some mysterious stranger will appear and all will be well.

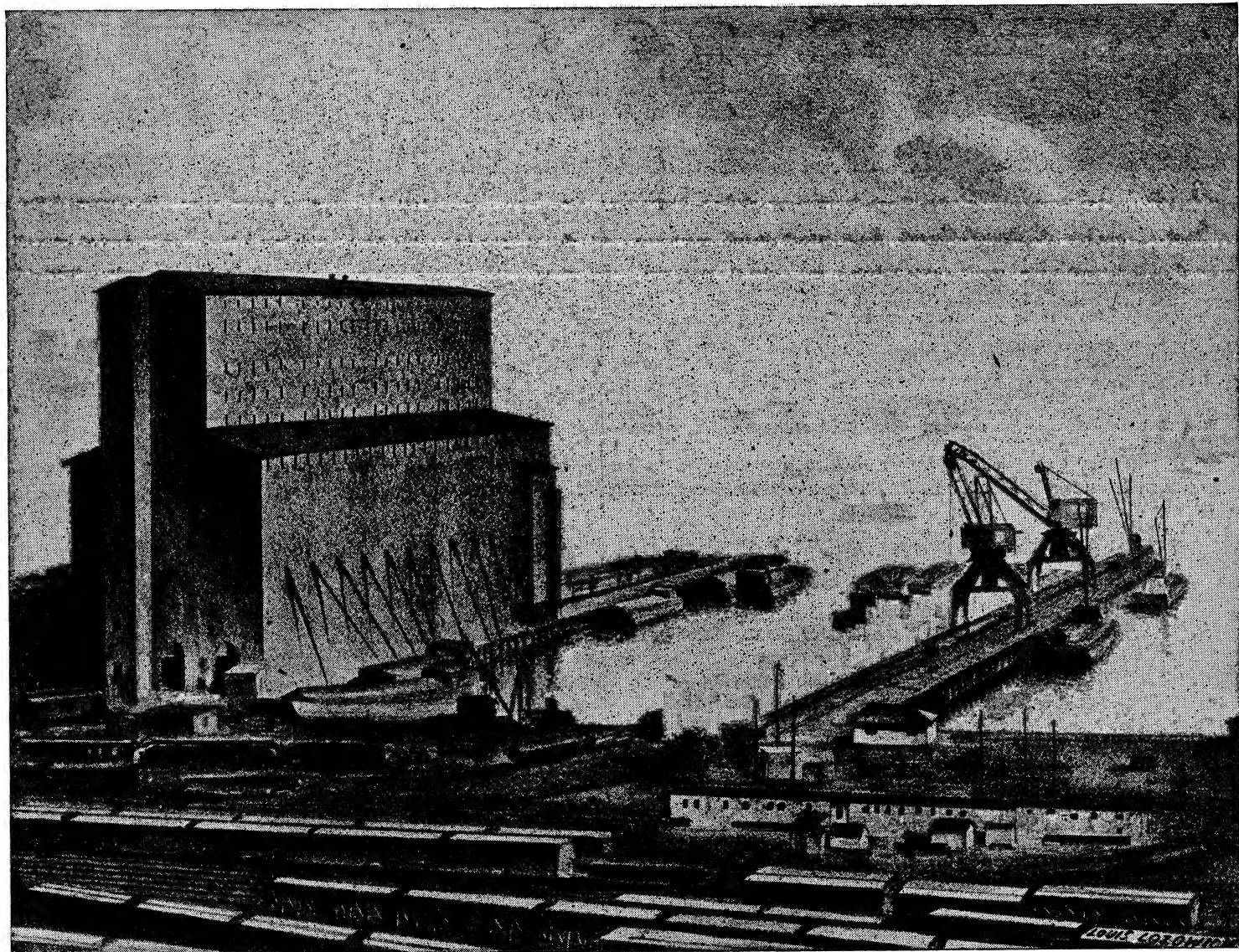
A few years older, he meets the Harold Bell Wright type of fiction. Enters the love element, but his increasing restlessness with the world that he finds actually surrounding his loved one, and the world he has dreamed of, are in such contrast that he begins to wonder — about the correctness of his educational teachings.

The newspapers, with their daily evidence of successfully-summated crimes, held before him a different view of success. For with the natural desire to loom large in the affections of his loved one comes the need for money. This sounds trivial—but it is the manner of trivial things to be disconcertingly true. Such little things are of more importance than the dramatic "crisis" upon which fiction characters make their momentous decisions. Floyd has accepted, unconsciously, the teachings of his mentors, and believes that Money—great sums of it—is the criterion of his success. And with the speed of the present age carrying him along, he wants it now. Not when he is fifty years old and about to die, but this week, this day, yes—right this instant!

Constant suggestion has implanted the ideas of how to obtain it. Continual battering at his receptive nature has opened the way for him to attain his desires. "Bandits Escape With Fifty-Thousand!" "Grafter Acquitted!" "Why?" reasons Floyd, "why should I stand on the old outworn traditions of right and wrong? That sort of thinking went out with blind, unswerving belief in the Bible. And there's no reason why I shouldn't take some of the world's wealth—not steal it, understand—and have a bit of the delights that its possession would enable me to know?" And he finds no reason for rejecting the thought—except for the moment.

He strolls about his city. The stores—banks—theatres—passers-by with black satchels—all these have taken on a new significance. He plays with fantastic notions of entering a bank—a store—even stopping a pedestrian on some darkened street. Yet the force to rush him through the deed is lacking. It is generating within him and it is fighting for outlet. His internal struggle is not with the qualities of right or wrong—it is with the stimulus to get him started. Mentally, he commits the contemplated robbery a dozen times. Actually, he but walks by the place of his intent. The thing that prevents his entering into it is not his lack of a gun—it is the belief that he must serve a certain length of time in contemplation of the robbery. He can visualize the change from thinking about it and doing it—but there he meets a wall of opposition; the adventuring into a new phase of life. He is not afraid of anything except that he may be caught. There is no thought of punishment from his conscience, for consciences are out of date.

Now enters the final factor. Floyd is wavering—not on the edge



DAWN IN HOBOKEN

drawn by Louis Lozowick

of a "crisis"—but between the desire for money ("Success") and the chances of being apprehended ("Failure").

He meets another chap of an identical frame of mind. The same pap-fed mentality. Not childish in the sense of undeveloped, but rather—misdeveloped. They arrived, by devious, crude explorations of each other's minds at the conclusion that they hold the same ideas about obtaining money. They find an agreeable response in one another which does not question the propriety of their proposed act. Their restraint in that respect has been killed for them through indifference, by their elders' enacting a prohibition to the fundamental law of their country and laughing at it. And the Floyds have been allowed to grow up in the belief that the Constitution is filled with writing which is to be only construed against foreigners, and not to be bothered with when contrary to one's own wishes.

Merged in their mutual outlook, they start for the scene of the robbery. The hesitancy and fear that accompanies them is impossible of more than indication here. Probably eight or ten places are inspected with a predatory view. One or the other of the Floyds are prone to find something wrong. The quest for money ceases to be a matter of robbery of any particular place, it has become the desire, inwardly-turned and totally-unexpressed, to impress each other with the amount of individual courage each possesses.

That they eventually blunder into a robbery, carried on by the force of the situation rather than by any conscious volition, is a matter of police records. It has no place here. The actual force that brought them to their slipshod felony was not the dashing raid they made on the theatre box-office, but the force that was implanted as a distorted conception of how they should live. Through unrealities of life they were "educated" and they absorbed those teachings so much more fully than their elders had

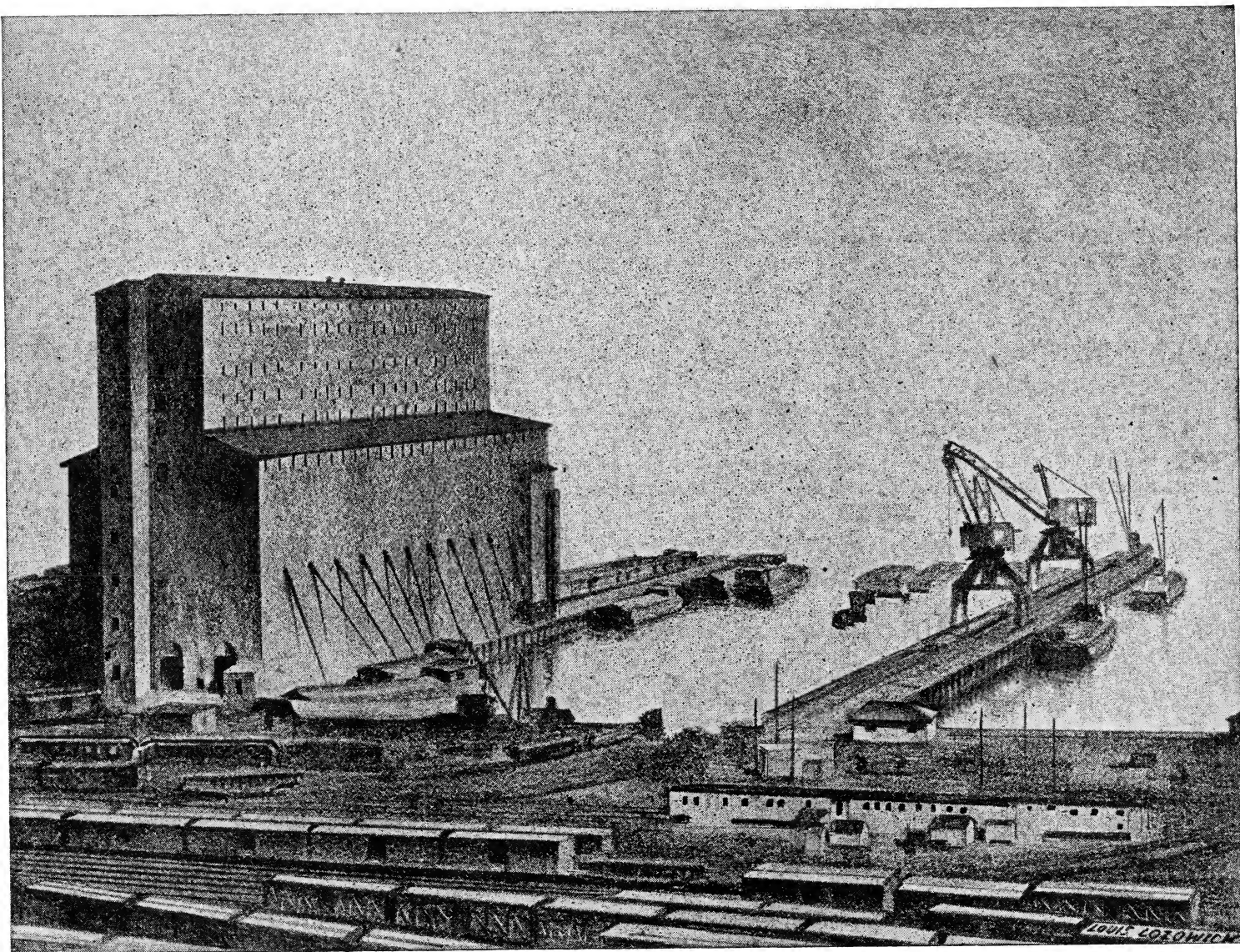
intended that they were eventually brought to a penitentiary. This because of the hypocritical nature of the teachings. The Floyds have seen through the gauze-like curtain with which their mentors sought to blind them to life-as-it-really-is, and with youth's disdainfulness for pretense they rent the hangings and discarded it all—and so stood without any guide to aid them.

Sensing, with the intuition of youth, the superficial nature of the beliefs others attempted to foist upon them, they rejected those superficialities. They have seen the underlying rottenness of life as it is lived in this glorified Democracy—and accepted it. Disconcertingly, they have flaunted in the faces of their elders the too-evident truth: "We see you for what you are! Shorn of your camouflage you stand revealed as thieves who have stolen often! We haven't the patience to acquire your hypocritical guise. We want ours now, and we've taken it! You throw up your hands in pious horror, and profess yourselves unable to understand us! Well you may—for to understand us would be to see yourselves for what you are, and what you have made us!" . . .

Sky-Scraper in Construction

Now gaps in monstrous red
iron ribs are filled with the immense
cold pallor of a sky steel-riveted
against those ribs. Winds bed
with lean iron bones,
lie with virile skeletons
that must be marble-fed
to an obese white impotence.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

**DAWN IN HOBOKEN***drawn by Louis Lozowick*

A POSTAL CLERK'S DREAMS—By PAUL BRADFORD

(From Letters to Robert Whitcomb)

A Little Vacation.

A FEW weeks ago that well-known urge urged—and I responded. I went out to the west end of the great C. and N. W. R. R. yards. After a patient wait I heard the musical pound of a giant locomotive getting under way with a drag behind. As the freight passed I planted myself firmly on a loaded gondola, and from there viewed the scenery of Illinois.

The mighty power plant ahead lifted over the rise and we dropped into West Chicago. The tender was filled with water. Then we hurtled downward into the Fox River bottoms at an exhilarating rate—the rattle, the roar and rhythm of it all filling me with a deep joy.

At Ashton we halted while a few cars were set out. The silence was profound after the constant roar. Rattle of pans and pots came from a house near the railroad track. Supper was being made. Papa was mowing the lawn. I meditated on the domestic scene, and on the life I was leading. On the road—stimulating, change and danger every day. In that home—comfort, security and monitory every day.

The heat was mounting. About half a mile distant, near the river, was a growth of big trees. I set out in that direction, for I felt it must be a hobos' jungle. It was—a jungle de luxe. Large trees made perfect shade for the jungle. A fire, and around it tomato cans, a frying pan, several pails, a bit of looking glass fastened on one of the trees—some upturned boxes for stools. Only two individuals were there as I arrived. One was a hobo in the forties; another a youth of sixteen. Immediately I figured—well, this is a family group. The youth went in for a dip in the river, and the man's eyes followed his figure approvingly, as a normal man's might a woman. I found that the boy "belonged" to another man and was therefore being "protected"—and respected by this hobo.

Other hobos drifted in. Stories were told—a mulligan was cooked—we smoked—the trees rustled—the fire crackled. It was fine. It was better than being a wage slave—if you were young and careless enough. It was better than slaving in the postoffice, if you could live without money, books and women. But I had to come back to Chicago and work.

The Bourgeois Bunk.

There is something religious in me that says we must not complain against our lot. On the other hand, the sop tossed to the multitude that it is better to be a poor honest toiler than John D. with a belly ache—is just as bad. I get peeved sometimes, because of the economic bars which keep me from having what I would have—Lord, Lord, how long have I used philosophy and B.V.D.'s instead of warm winter underwear!—watching others eat tenderloin steak and ordering beef stew (better stew than Nothing!).

Romance in a Post Office.

By the way, Bob, I used to toil where you now live. I worked one fall and part of a winter as an extra clerk at the Christopher Street branch, Foreign Mail, of the N. Y. P. O. How I remember those ports and foreign names—Tequicigalpa, Trinidad, Port-of-Spain, Santiago, Iquique, Arequipa, Cartegena, etc., names to conjure with, a romantic ring to them. And the mighty liners at their leashes across the way, Piers 14, 15 to 25. I remember a lunch car right near the 14th Street subway station (7th Avenue Line)—one of those intimate places, and they served good sandwiches. There seemed to be a different tenor to my fellow-clerks in that P. O., different from Chicago; they could talk in symbols. Some were college men, or attending. One was from the University of Southern California, and a roving, withal serene philosopher. We used to get into a corner with our bags of mail to Poland, or Central America, and talk on psycho-analysis or astronomy. The general spirit of the place was more human than in Chicago, the bosses and foremen as a rule more tolerant. Here in the main Loop P. O. of Chicago exists the very distilled essence of the dog-eat-dog attitude.

One Must Dream.

I realize I need more of this practical stuff in my make-up, that a piece of mail is only a paper container, not an ambassador of something or other. But I cannot stand too heavy a dose. Too much of this matter-of-factness gags me. The reaction might be strong enough to make me do some damn fool stunt or other, such as taking a roaming trip in cold winter weather. Chicago and its environmental influences have been trying to hammer practicality into me for years now—seems sometimes like it would get discouraged trying. In spite of my daily lesson—worker trying to keep his toes out from under the tires of the master's Packards—lacking a furlined coat because of that \$145 tag on them—you'd think the ceaseless repetition, the constant beating from without, would make a man think mathematically—that two million dollars is twice one million, and pretty nice to have. But why rail? Nature is Nature. The dreamer must be content with his dreams, apparently.

A Thought On Thoreau.

At your behest I dugged deeply into Mr. H. D. Thoreau's "Walden." I like parts of his philosophy, and he makes a very clear and interesting picture of the cabin and the surroundings of the pond. I enjoyed his account of the Fitchburg R.R. a hundred yards distant, and the operation of the trains thereon. Must be the Boston and Maine now (it is). But, he spoke of feeling lonely for only one hour in two years. And I wish he'd made it more transparent what philosophers who love Nature and live alone in a cabin do about the sex matter. As far as I've read, he spoke only of one woman, and she evidently a grandmother. He reasoned that hearing the whip-poor-will, the sighing of the wind, watching the crackling fire and the fantastic shadows on the wall, was most natural. Did he not, then, crave the companionship of a sweet woman? Would not the presence of such a one have enhanced the pleasure of hearing the whip-poor-wills? I am sure it would for me. I can understand the "feel" of Nature, the idea of an Entity being present; but for sustained periods I would feel an emptiness there, a deadly vacancy.

Fatalistic Hens.

I rode 90 miles on a fast meat and fruit run. The caretaker let me ride in his living quarters in the car and shared his bacon and hotcakes at breakfast with me. The car was immediately behind the locomotive and I probably didn't miss hearing one of her heart-beats for the entire distance. It was a novelty, rolling over a well-ballasted road bed in company with 5,000 springers and hens, sometimes at 50 miles an hour. As we dropped into the Fox River Valley the hens all vibrated in unison with the thrumming cars. It seemed to me they used a fatalistic tone, and that resigned look hens often wear. Well, chickens are said to have originated in India, or central Asia, anyway, so an Oriental outlook is their birthright.

Good Form in a Rooming House.

Generally my room is peaceful, with an exception. So many exceptions to note in this world, ain't it. A nearby roomer, a middle-aged lady with a bad case of nerves, occasionally carries hot water for her bath from the gas stove in her room to the communal bath room. I think she carries it by the pint. I would gladly get her a quart receptacle which, according to most systems of mathematics would halve the trips. But to give her the receptacle would not be good form.

Under the Stars.

I sat next to a snake fence in the evening and smoked my pipe. My sex uneasiness slid off my shoulders as I sat and mused. I looked up at the Milky Way, that galaxy of a million suns, high over my head. And at Mars, a neighbor planet. And Polaris, the north star, in line with the road I was on. Space, illimitable, or enough for all purposes.

Then I studied a farmhouse not so far away. I thought of that title, "The Light in the Clearing," one of the titles I enjoy repeating. I wondered if all the stories and books about mysterious, melancholy farmhouses have been written? A voice said so it, but you can have all the brakes on your train as loose as a sore lip and still it won't go unless there's some inspiration in the old engine. Maybe my problem is to get some good coal.

It's Hell To Be Broke.

I have ridden the elevated to the end of the line in lieu of a trip to Mexico or Europe—and I cry out, How long must these make-shifts be?

MY BROTHER, GEN. SANDINO

By SOCRATES SANDINO, [Carpenter]

My brother was born May 19, 1893, at Niquinohomo, a small village of 2,000 inhabitants in the province of Masoya, three hours from Managua by rail. Our father, Gregorio Sandino, is a coffee planter and has long been active in the Liberal Party. He has been twice in prison because of his political views.

We children were given a fair education. After my brother, Augusto, went through the local school, my father sent him to Granada to study in the Instituto de Oriente.

When we left the Instituto, Augusto came home and started working as a farmer on our father's plantation. He also kept a store, where he sold and bought produce. Incidentally, he was a good hand at things mechanical and somewhat of an amateur inventor. He invented a mortar and an anti-aircraft gun, and also manufactured bombs and explosives. In 1920 the Liberal candidate for the presidency, Jose Esteban Gonzalez selected my brother to take charge of the political campaign in our department. He was, you see, already very active in the Liberal ranks.

Later he went to Honduras where he worked in a mine and on a banana plantation.

But his restless spirit would not allow him to remain long in Honduras. Wishing to see something of the world, he left the plantation in the summer of 1923 and went to Mexico. He got work in the Tampico oil fields where his mechanical ability proved handy.

Augusto enjoyed life in the Tampico oil fields. It was his first contact with industrial wage workers on a large scale and his first contact with trade unionists. Tampico was one of the initial centers of the trade union movement in Mexico and it was there that Augusto first saw the red and black banners which are the accepted colors of the labor movement in Latin America.

That Tampico and the labor movement made a deep impression on Augusto is evidenced by the fact that he has now taken those same colors for the flag of his revolutionary army in Nicaragua. Augusto returned home in 1926.

When Chamorro overthrew the Liberal government of President Solorzano, the Liberals throughout Nicaragua became victims of persecution. My father being a prominent man was jailed and sent to the penitentiary at Managua with many other Liberals.

With the imprisonment of our father, Augusto had to hide himself. He hid for a time in Niquinohomo but he could not stay there. He went to the department of Nueva Segonia, the department which later became his stronghold. His wanderings through Nueva Segonia aided him greatly in his military operations later.

He then got a job in the shops of the San Albino mines and it was there he learned that the Liberal revolution under Doctor Sacasa had broken out at Puerto Cabezas. He set out from San Albino on horseback with a group of fellow-workers friendly to the Liberal cause, turning up two months later at Puerto Cabezas. My brother was given a command and marched from Puerto Cabezas with forty rifles. They went first to the Chipote mountain fastness, which he held for so long against the marine assault. Chipote is Nicaraguan slang for a tough object.

From there he sallied out, taking one town after another. Before long he had a well equipped army of 800 men whom he had trained.

Augusto had never read military books or studied in military schools. He is a leader of men, however. He is stern, almost spartan in his personal habits and his personality is such that it commands respect and obedience.

He has great faith in the workers and peasants as the backbone of Nicaragua. He places great reliance in the Indians. In fact he never speaks of our race as Latin American, even Spanish American, but always calls it Indo-American. Although a Nicaraguan patriot, he is not a patriot in the narrow sense. He believes in the union of all Indo-American peoples. When Col. Henry Stimson arrived in Nicaragua from the United States, he told the Liberal chiefs it was useless for them to continue fighting and that if they did keep on, the United States would overpower them. My father, realizing the superior force of the United States, was anxious to find a way out so he joined Moncada in

trying to persuade my brother to discontinue fighting. "We can at any time conquer this puppet Diaz," said my father, "but how are we going to fight the United States?" Augusto had not dreamed the United States would send marines to fight in Nicaragua. He could not understand why such action should be taken.

He was furious at the suggestion that the Liberals drop their arms. He pushed aside Moncada, whom he called a traitor and a coward, and looking at my father he said:

"The armies I command are fighting for an honorable and just cause. It is our duty to fight on!"

When he left Chipote twelve hundred men of Moncada's army followed him. He was determined now to fight to the end to free Nicaragua. He was no longer merely a Liberal, but dedicated himself to the cause of Nicaraguan independence.

Characteristically enough Augusto picked a working class woman as a wife. Last May when my brother was in San Rafael del Norte, he met Senorita Blanca Arouz Pineda, the town telegraph operator. She used to spirit out to him information concerning the movements of the Diaz forces. They were soon married, but Blanca continued at her post as telegraph operator and continued to give valuable service to the Liberal cause for many months, when the territory was infested with American invaders. Finally, however, she was discharged.

The defection of Moncada carried with it the defection of only a few of the wealthier elements of the Liberals. The poor people, the masses, were and have remained the backbone of the cause which my brother represents. He recognizes that the old banner of Liberalism has proven inadequate and cannot represent the true aspirations of the Nicaraguan people, cannot indeed even be depended upon to fight for them against the United States marines. That is why he has raised the red and black standard of commands respect and obedience.



Hungry, but Game

Jerry Campbell, a miner, and his family. They have been loyally on strike to save their union. They lived on \$3 a week for about a year. No one at the two big presidential conventions thought of them.



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{ PENNSYLVANIA — by STANLEY BURNSHAW }

(Fragments, from "Cassanod." A Book of Industrial Poetry)

The Crane Driver

*When we were going toward the walls this morning
A soft rain was falling; from among
The branches came the sound of hovering birds
Calling in the rain. . . . There before
A worker's house a hearse stood, and we saw
Behind the front room window, a lone girl
Bending above a coffin, all alone.*

*The tale went round: the afternoon before
They had gone walking—the girl and he
Who now was lying silent and dead—
Tramping over the countryside and wandering
On this, their one free afternoon together,
Romping thru the woods, full with sunlight
And bubbling over with the birth of love
And days of marriage that were soon to come.*

*At half past five he left her, hurrying
For fear he could not hasten back on time
To Cassanod, where he would drive his crane
All night within the sheds. . . . At six o'clock
He was to climb the ladder, and from there
Walk to his cab, and drive his crane to labor
All night among the great wheels and the flames.*

*He came at ten past six; and hurrying
To make up time, he hastened up the ladder
That led him to the rails where side by side
The wheels of two cranes traveled. . . . Hurriedly
He climbed to his track—Then walked along as always,
Upon his rail to reach his cab. . . . But suddenly
His crane was moving toward him—someone inside
Did not know he was there, someone was rushing
Full speed at him. . . . Quick to avoid the wheels,
He jumped to the other rail—the only place . . .
He landed safely, but in half a moment
The other crane had crushed him, and his body
Torn to rags, went spilling toward the floor
Thirty feet below. . . .*

*One of his friends
Sent for the girl in the morning, and she came
Believing nothing, but her wild blue eyes
Were crazed with pain, and her laughter had become
A wild, dark stare. . . . She went inside to bend
Above the strips of flesh that were his body . . .
And as she pondered, there in Cassanod
Men with pencils were figuring in numbers
The dollars that the law gave to his heirs;
And other men—vice emperors—were talking
Together, while the wisest of their number
Assured them it was fine indeed that only
Five cranesmen had been killed in twenty years.*

*And as she waited in the room, close by
Within the sheds the riveters complained
About an awful smell of blood that clung
To the stained floor and rail. . . . And in the room
She waited till a man came in and made
The body ready for the hearse. . . . Slowly
She walked out with him, and her wild dark eyes
Stared at the road they traveled in the rain.*

Three Worker Gangs

*The long shafts pressing downward from a sky
Turned red with blinding sun, fell on the still
Green fields of afternoon. Trees of green leaves
Stood burning in the hot air, and the grass
On flame with sunheat, dazzled; a dull green
Across the landscape, and a taut green world
Lay burning in the firebreath of the sun.*

*Here underneath these heavens four young men
Of Cassanod were wielding a machine
Fashioned to tear its way into the bosom
Of hill and meadow, built to hold the force
Of scores of men with shovels. . . . Here they gazed
Tense, while the steel claws tore their way, while the fingers
Clutched at a claymound, whirled up, then dived down
Once more to cut its way to the heart of a field.*

*One of the four men, brushing away the sweat
That greased his bare arms, looked up for a moment
Across the land. . . . There on a pile of cinders
Fifty yards away a gang of convicts
Stood steaming in the sun: black and white arms
Shining above the cinders, hurled their shovels
Against the pile of clinker. Some of the gang
Stood staring at the river; some looked on
At the dazzling green of earth, taking their moments
Of respite from the steady drive of shovels
Into the cinder pile now all on fire
With the sun's heat and the flames of afternoon.*

*And there ahead on the tracks, beside a handcar,
A gang of Italians labored in the sun,
Fixing the railway ties, digging the ballast
To make safe, springing rails for flying cars
Of cargo bound for some place north or west—
Hundreds of miles away from these hot stones
And toiling men—far from this redhot sky,
Where rails rose up in lines of sharp white fire.*

*On a July afternoon—three gangs of men
Into whose blood has come the steady fierceness
Of the great boiling sun—four tensed young men
Gazing at a steel hand; a gang of convicts
Savage with sunheat, tearing with their shovels
In a wild game; men levelling stones—
Here in the afternoon straining together
Each one toiling steadily, slave
To this pressing might of sun now sweeping, sweeping
Men and earth in gusts of firewind.*

Saturday Whistles

*Saturday noon. Out of nowhere suddenly
A whistle screams—and out of nowhere suddenly
Three thousand men and women scramble and cackle,
Pushing aside everything in their way.
The tranquil step in scornful leisure toward
Shining machines that strain to speed them away.
Machinists and foremen, still grimy and greasy,
Dart away to a quicklunch stand to roar
For hamburger, pop, and a handful of fresh doughnuts . . .
And the army of clerks steadily plods to the railroads
For the train to take them once more to the town.
Always on Saturday noons a flock of children,
Millhands' children: Hunks, Polacks, Swedes,
Beating time on a telegraph pole, call
To each clerk as he slowly plods his way to the train:
"Gimme nickel, Mister, 'n I make moosic."*

ON A SECTION GANG—By MICHAEL GOLD

THE paycar eased alongside. We threw down our tools and fell in line by the track. Through the steel-barred window the cashier handed the sunburnt section gang its pay envelopes.

Everyone was happy; everyone grinning; even Rich, our hard-boiled foreman, cracked a smile. Everyone relaxed; there was a lot of horseplay.

Sure, it was a great victory for the section gang. The company was presenting them with two weeks pay. They acted as foolish and grateful, those giant children, as if it were a gift.

Pay day—pay—it's the opium of the masses.

And the gang spent most of it by the next morning.

* * * * *

We covered an eighth of a mile a day on Section 10. We tore out rotten old ties as we went along, and put in new ones.

First you shovelled out the old cinder ballast. Then you pried your crowbar under the old spikes, and leaned on that long hunk of steel with all your bone and gristle, until the rusty five-inch spike came out groaning like a big tooth.

Then you dragged out the old tie and rolled it over the bank. Then you jockeyed the new tie, dripping with creosote, into the old bed. Then you swung a ten-pound sledge, Wham! Wham! on the head of the new spike, until it seemed to grow into the wooden tie. Then you shovelled back the cinder ballast, and tamped it down.

* * * * *

For about a month half the gang was covered with boils. I was miserable with twelve. We figured at first it was the drinking water, but Rich the Foreman, told us it was the creosote on the ties. It was filtering through our skin. Rich advised us to wear leather gloves, and keep away from liquor and women.

* * * * *

Sometimes we laid steel. This was tougher than laying ties. Eight men with tongs, four on each end, wrestled a length of steel rail. If one of the eight stumbled it meant down with the rail.

Ed Bass, a lanky young farmer of the region, who was trying to dodge starvation by a summer on the section, had his foot crushed that way. He lay on his back and cursed the gang till you'd think his mouth would blister. We put him on a handcar, and Tony and I had to pump him back to the village. He cursed us two all the way, and called us "lousy Wops." Tony wanted to kick him, but though the lousy Ku Kluxer deserved a kicking, I stopped Tony.

There were 24 of us on Section Gang 10. And we spoke six languages, and feared and suspected each other like good patriots. There were five Wops, three Hunyaks, a Swede, a Jew, an Irishman (there's always one apiece for every kind of excitement in the world), three Mexicans, two Poles, and a bunch of Yank hundred-percenters. There was also a Negro named Harry.

We sweated every day under the same sun; we slept in the same crummy bunkhouse and ate the same commissary garbage. But we hated each other, and felt superior to each other. Such is the Adamic curse that has been laid on the American labor movement.

* * * * *

Everyone hated Rich the Foreman. That was one principle on which we all could agree. I can't understand dicks, cops, hangmen, professional gunmen, or men like Rich. You have to look upon them as pathological specimens. I guess most men go crazy when they are turned loose with a club, and told to go the limit.

Rich went the limit. He was a big Yank about forty, with one of those stern Indian faces some Americans have. He looked like a Texan. He had those blue unflinching eyes of the eagle and killer. He never laughed. He was powerful enough to lick anyone on the gang, and we knew it. He was always pushing us on. He was a fanatic. God, the passion, the fury, the religious fire that man put into bossing a section! I am sure it was eating him up. And he was doing it all for \$96 a month. Can you understand these mysteries of human character? I can't.

In the mornings, we pumped our handcars seven miles or more to the job. Rich stood erect on the first car, like Washington crossing the Delaware. The night fogs still clung to the sides of the hills. His keen eyes roamed about, his ears listened. Suddenly he blew his whistle, and we jumped like mad and lifted the heavy cars off the rails just in time. An express train thundered by a second later, the children and ladies waving gayly at us.

Section gangs were sometimes devoured by these thunderbolts. Rich saved us from death several times. He carried quite a responsibility.

* * * * *

He hated to see anyone stop to light a pipe, or take a drink, or anything. He watched you with a suspicious glare, and without saying anything, made you feel guilty as hell.

Once Joe, the water-boy, a Wop kid, thought he saw a snake by the side of the track. Rich's back was turned, so the kid picked up a rock and chased the snake. He wandered into the bushes and was gone about five minutes. Meanwhile someone started yelling, "Water Boy! Water Boy!" but Joe wasn't in sight. Others began yelling, just to be mean. It was their way of annoying Rich—to show him they had no rights on the gang, not even a good water-boy.

Rich swelled up with wrath like a poisoned pup. He began yelling and cursing, and then Joe appeared grinning, with some flowers in his hand. He had missed the snake, but found some pretty flowers. Rich went over to him, grabbed his arm and twisted it behind his back until the kid screamed for mercy.

Tony, an old Italian laborer, muttered something in Italian. Rich let up on the kid and turned on Tony and blistered him with curses. And cursed the whole gang, and asked us what we were loafing around for that way.

* * * * *

One day in July was the hottest day I have known in my life. You could see the heat waves steaming from the ties. The rails were redhot like a frying pan. We rushed Joe off his feet, getting us buckets of drinking water.

It was almost noon, when suddenly something happened. Swen, a big good-natured Swede, was holding the spike while Harry sledged it into place. Suddenly Swen toppled over, and Harry's sledge missed his skull by a half-inch.

The sun had knocked Swen out. We got him under a tree, and sloshed him with water. He was unconscious and breathing hard. After a while he came to. All the time we were working over him Rich was trying to tell us to get back to work. But everyone pretended to be busy with Swen, and quite deaf.

Finally Rich began roaring at us. "Get to hell back on the job, or I'll knock hell outa some of yeh, yeh bunch of bastards!" We were all lying about under the tree, resting, and none made a move to get up.

"It's too hot, Meesta Reech," said Tony, the old wop. "Yep, Rich, it's too hot," others muttered, as Rich went down the line. It was a kind of strike, the first time anything like it had happened in Rich's experience, I guess.

He was dumfounded, but kept his wits. He saw the gang was united on something at last, and had him licked. So he broke us up by going after individuals.

"Here Stubby," he said, "you don't think it's too hot, do you? Get back to work there, Stubby."

Stubby was a glum old Yank about 61. You could see he was ashamed of himself as he rose slowly and hobbled back on the track. For the next half hour he shovelled ballast all by himself in the redhot sun while we watched him and sneered.

I never saw a strike yet where the Yanks were not the first to scab.

At last, one by one, we all drifted back to the track, and worked in a bath of salt sweat.

* * * * *

I liked Old Tony. He was one of those hard round-shouldered little Italians with wrinkled walnut faces who can survive anything. Their people have been peasants since Julius Caesar, and they are as simple and natural as a good dog. You get to love them the same way.

Tony had a little garden by the boxcars where we bunked. He raised a few geraniums, and scallions there, and had a great time.

* * * * *

One of the Poles had an accordion. He and the other Poles would sometimes sing and play on the bunkhouse steps in the evening. This was generally after pay day, while they still had money for liquor. The moon shone down, the katyids buzzsawed in the grass. The Poles played the accordion and looked at the moon.

* * * * *

Gandy dancers are the lowest in the scale of migratory workers.

The younger stiffs won't touch a section job if they can help it. The pay is too low, and the conditions impossible. That's why you find so many older men on the section gangs, and so many foreigners. And that's why no American labor union has ever bothered much with organizing the gandy dancers. I guess they're too low.

* * * * *

Harry and Bill were playing casino at the table. Joe the Water Boy, was reading a cowboy magazine near the lamp. Swen was snoring like a hog in his bunk. Sevelod was still washing his Sunday shirt. Through the side door you could see the night, the big black sky and the lonesome trees. I played on the harmonica.

We were the only ones in our car who hadn't gone down to the village to spend our two weeks' pay. About nine o'clock there was a lot of laughing outside, and the Williams brothers burst in.

They were farm boys of the region who were working on the section that summer, because farming was bad. They were the kind of lanky, sour, gloomy Yanks who can only be happy when they are violently drunk.

"We come back to get the rest of our pay," Elmer yelled. "Why don't you guys come down the village? It's a big night."

"Yop, a lot of the miners are out, and there's a big crap game in Jones's barn," said Fred.

Elmer was rummaging in his bunk, and found his money. Also he was putting on a necktie, and smiling. Fred pulled the necktie off his neck.

"That aint fair," he yelled. "Cripes, he's dollin up! That aint fair!"

"You put on your own necktie," Elmer said, "that'll make it fair."

"The hell I will," said Fred, "we'll see who makes her without no necktie."

Fred explained drunkenly to us that there was a new girl at Carney's speakeasy-hotel and all the boys were after her. Fred and Elmer were going to compete which would win her for the night.

They went out whooping and cursing. They staggered back at three in the morning, when we were all rolled in our bunks, sleeping.

Fred had a handkerchief tied around his head, through which great gobs of blood showed. Elmer supported him, and pleaded with him in a tearful drunken voice: "Honest, Fred, I didn't mean to hit yuh so hard. You're my own brother, Fred, and anyone goes to the mat with you, goes to the mat with me, see?"

"But you shouldn't have done it, Elmer, not to your own brother, god damn it," Fred said, tearfully, as he flopped to the floor.

Elmer picked him up and began undressing him.

"I don't know how I happened to get that chair in my hand, honest, Fred, god damn it, would I hit my own brother that way with a chair? Now lay down and take it easy, Fred."

They kept it up until dawn, arguing and pleading, and then we all arose and had breakfast. Fred and Elmer were pale and glum, but they kept up their end gamely that day on the section gang.



SUBWAY TRACK WALKERS

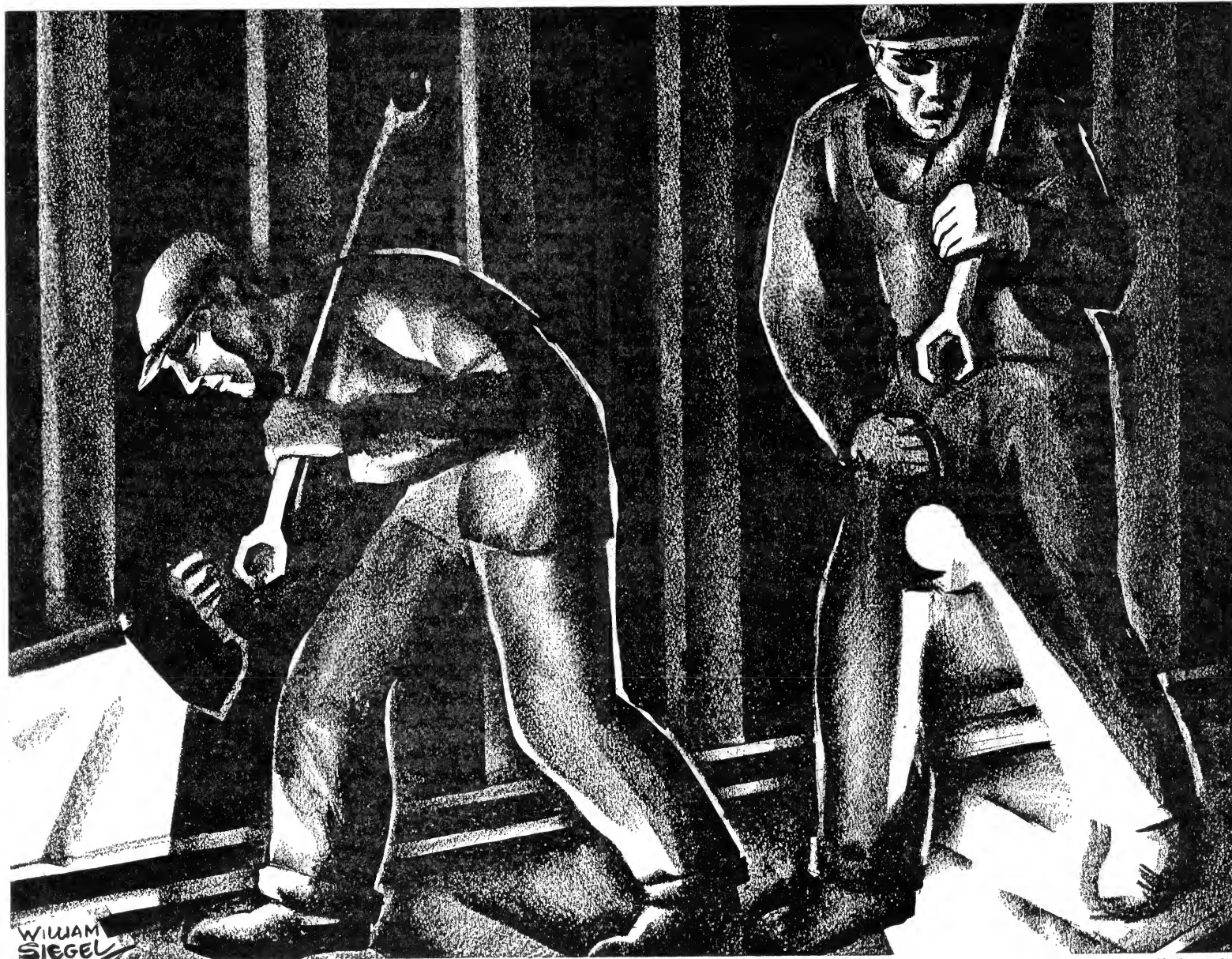
drawn by William Siegel



WILLIAM
SIEGEL

SUBWAY TRACK WALKERS

drawn by William Siegel



WILLIAM
SIEGEL

SUBWAY TRACK WALKERS

drawn by William Siegel

[POEMS—By Kenneth Fearing]

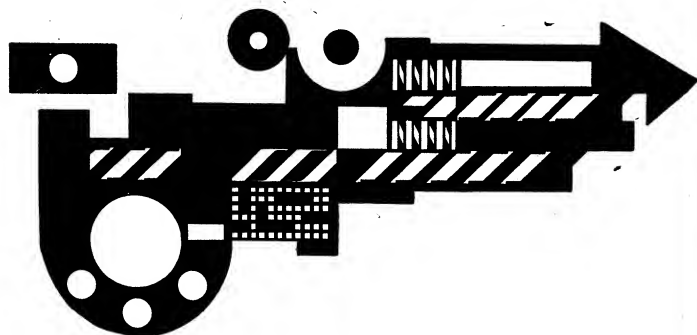
Andy and Jerry and Joe

We were staring at the bottles in the restaurant window,
 We could hear the autos go by,
 We were looking at the women on the boulevard,
 It was cold,
 No one else knew about the things we knew.
 We watched the crowd, there was a murder in the papers, the
 wind blew hard, it was dark,
 We didn't know what to do,
 There was no place to go and we had nothing to say,
 We listened to the bells, and voices, and whistles, and cars,
 We moved on,
 We weren't dull, or wise, or afraid,
 We didn't feel tired, or restless, or happy, or sad.
 There were a million stars, a million miles, a million people, a
 million words,
 A million laughs, a million years,
 We knew a lot of things we could hardly understand,
 There were liners at sea, and rows of houses, and dances in the
 halls, and clouds in the sky,
 We waited in the park,
 The lights were in the stores, there were women on the streets,
 Jerry's father was dead,
 We didn't know what we wanted and there was nothing to say,
 Andy had an auto and Joe had a girl.

John Standish, Artist

(To J. R. G.)

If I am to live, or be in the studios,
 If I am to be in the quiet halls and clubs,
 Quiet at tea,
 If I am to talk calmly at dinner when evening falls,
 If I am to breathe
 When it is night and millions are awake,
 Moving like a sea, not human, not known,
 When millions are aroused to stare, to laugh, to kill,
 When I feel them,
 When they have no voices but they have mouths and eyes,
 When their wants are confused, but implacable,
 When a theory about them becomes nothing, and a portrait of
 them would look well on no studio wall,
 When they cringe, when they scream, when they are counted
 by millions,
 When they have no meaning to me, to themselves, to the earth,
 but they are alive,
 If I am to live; if I am to breathe,
 I must walk with them a while, laugh with them, stare and
 point.
 Pick one and follow him to the rotted wharves.
 Write my name under his, in grey latrines: "John Standish,
 Artist."
 I must follow him, screaming as he does, through the docks,
 basements, tenements, wharves,
 Follow him till he sleeps and kill him with a stone.



MACHINE DESIGN—by Louis Lozowick

George Martin

Bankers and priests and clerks and thieves,
 Fear and death and money and rage,
 They are always there,
 In electric-lights, in bill-boards,
 In churches, theatres, bar-rooms, cabarets,
 In the moon—
 Always there, seen and dreamed about and known,
 More known than the smile of the moving-picture sweetheart,
 Familiar as the honest eyes of beggars, patriots, nuns,
 More known than public love and joy,
 Salesmen and judges and whores and marines,
 Terror and pain and rage and death,
 Known more than I ever know myself,
 And what am I?
 What am I, listening to speeches baited for millions?
 Stunned by fearless, honest, automatic, terrible applause—
 Trapped by cunning innocence—
 Linked with the virtue of the moving-picture queen—
 Chained to the patented souls of lady geniuses, gentlemen
 heroes—
 Bankers, plumbers, clerks, thieves,
 Ten of them die when one speaks,
 Read the papers, write the novels, sing the melodies,
 Their courteous fingers reach for my throat in dreams . . .
 Ten are born when one of them dies . . .
 Nod, and speak, and smile, and pass . . .
 Speak to the lost, smile at the beaten, nod to the mad,
 Walk with the doomed—
 Honor to triumph, honor to the mob,
 Honor to the heroine,
 Twist her skirts higher, I will be rich . . .

KENNETH FEARING

Shoe Factory

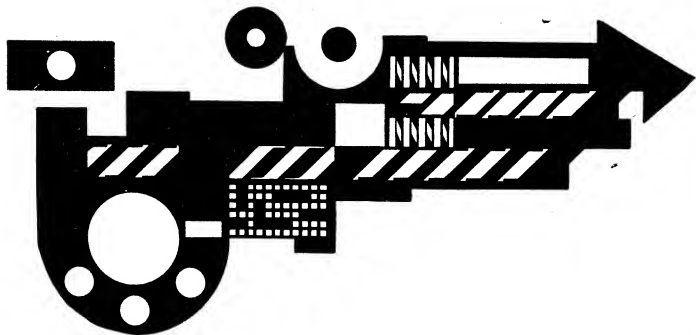
Step into my shop and see if this is not so.
 Step in at lunchtime and four girls will be close together
 laughing a long while a little at a time. If their arms are
 linked they will be marching across the floor. If you wait
 a little while you will see them dance.
 Look for a girl with a pretty face, that is a sign I like her.
 Ask her and she will say that she does not know me.
 There is a girl with black eyes and black hair caught up in a ball
 If the boss walks by her, she will make a face at him. Sensible
 girl.
 By the way, kid: you might notice some things to tell me about.
 Why is it
 the lasting machines keep running overtime?
 the dinkers eat their lunch in ten minutes?
 the treers come to work early in the morning?
 the shoe cutters curse the trimming cutters over a song,
 a running chorus of song with deep breaths in it.

LOUIS BLUME.

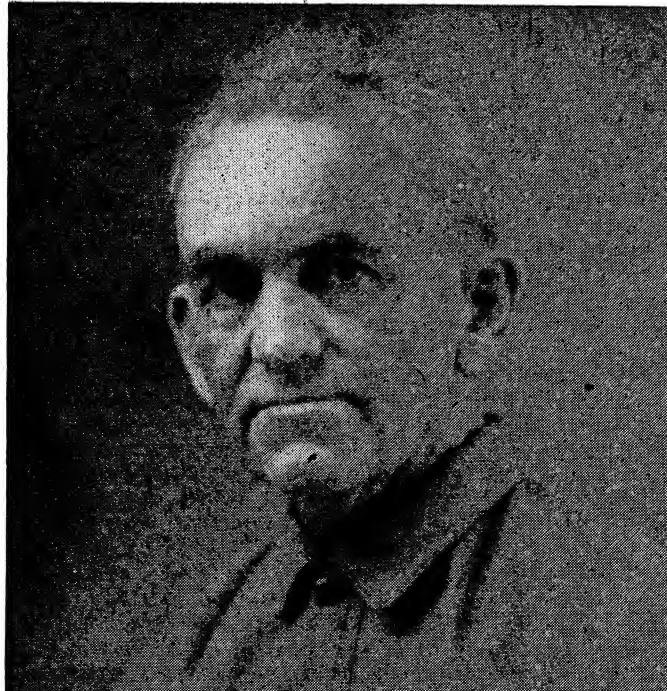
I Buy Only the Best

taxiraincoats one dollar
 seventy-five.
 all modish collegians wear em.
 proper pose is upturned brim
 turndout glove. sleepy look.
 tie knot very small close to neck gentlemen.
 Boãcoat effects of lapels
 giving somewhat stentorian tone
 to else soprano-like fancified habilimentations.
 sir kindly turn right a trifle;
 31 from crotch.
 observe please affectation of eccentricity
 direct from London
 's smartest haberdashers wales and others
 wear em. 2 95 why pay more,
 gents.
 damned if i kno.

HERMAN SPECTOR.



MACHINE DESIGN—by Louis Lozowick



Tom Mooney 12 Years Ago

These two photographs show how 12 years of prison life have ravaged the strong mind and body of Tom Mooney. Some friends have advised him to ask for a pardon. He has refused. He will not admit he is guilty of throwing a bomb. Everyone else admits he is not guilty. Most of those Judases who sent him to prison have since confessed their perjuries and crimes. But Tom Mooney is still in jail. Justice is dead in America and only Labor can free Labor's Tom Mooney.

Tom Mooney Today

May 30th

(To the Martyred Students and Workers Killed in the Shanghai Massacre, 1925.)

Across great China's sundials
The sun and moon plied their shuttle
The day came, the night—
Now my tears flow again
It is May 30th.

O brothers: were you fools or heroes
To march to the international settlement?
The imperialist bullets were of steel
Your bodies only of flesh and blood
Which was stronger,
The egg or the stone?

O hear:
Your children call for their fathers.
Your widows burn paper money and sob.
Your father mourns, he has lost his strong sons and will starve.

But see:
Chiang Kai-shek's new wife has a beautiful diamond ring
And a twelve-thousand dollar automobile with expensive musical
horns
And he rolls in splendor to his palace while his mercenaries cheer.
He has glory and power,
While you are dead.

But O my brothers: don't envy that traitor general.
All China knows that workers' blood and sweat
Pay for those luxuries.
All China will find revenge.
And you, my brothers, were not foolish or mad,
But the first sparks of the fire to burn him up.
You will live while it blazes,
The fire of World Revolution.

HSI-TSENG-TSIANG.

Money Masters, Hear!

My cell is filled with emptiness:
No air; no sun; no friend; no book.
The hours tightly entwine their ghoulish hands
With horrible deliberation
About the neck of my mind.
My mouth burns—
Hot sands of a foul stench rubbed mercilessly on it.
My mind roars to the four corners of the globe
A hymn of hate to you.

DAVID GORDON.

Tombs Prison, Cell No. 611.

Iron Workers

They will not be of blood and bone again:
Iron has made their hard eyes and their bold hands;
Their hearts are stained with an iron stain,
Their entrails woven out of iron strands.

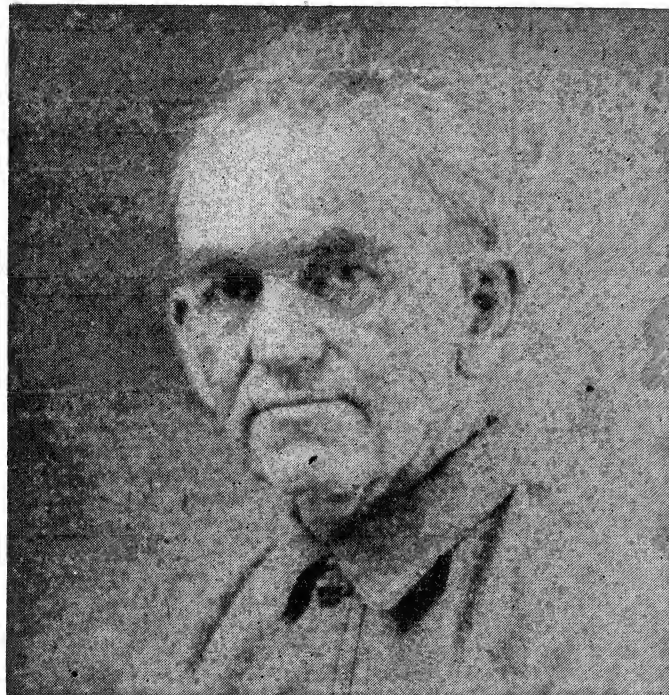
All of their spirits' eagerness is spent
On the one thing that they have understood,
Iron, enduring and indifferent
And powerful, as neither bone nor blood.

MARIE DE L. WELCH.

Out of Work

Quietly opposed to pain,
He stilled the slowly failing beat.
The nurse stood gazing at the rain
Filling gutters in the street.

They wondered where he found the knife.
They ferreted the right address
And stuffed his cheeks and wrote his wife
That he was coming by express.
S. BERT COOKSLEY.



Tom Mooney 12 Years Ago

Tom Mooney Today

These two photographs show how 12 years of prison life have ravaged the strong mind and body of Tom Mooney. Some friends have advised him to ask for a pardon. He has refused. He will not admit he is guilty of throwing a bomb. Everyone else admits he is not guilty. Most of those Judases who sent him to prison have since confessed their perjuries and crimes. But Tom Mooney is still in jail. Justice is dead in America and only Labor can free Labor's Tom Mooney.

[A TRIP TO AUSTRALIA]

By "BLACKIE" [A Sailor]

Fellow Worker John—I guess you are surprised at me writing you as I am not in the habit of writing a Hell of a lot. But this is Sunday, and the pubs are closed and I have not the capital to pay the "back yard" prices for booze therefore I take this opportunity to drop you a few words about the ship I am on.

Whoever said the "Working Class is robbed" is right. The Steward on here is one of those old time "belly robbers" who got his training on steel trust boats. He sure is robbing this crew of their grub! We had quite a bit of trouble because of him on the way over from New York. He's a whiny little cockney five foot high, sick with stomach trouble from eating his own damn grub. He reminds you of a scared rat, running around with his squeaky voice. But this buzzard was holding out on our grub just the same, to split the graft with the captain later on.

Well, before we got to the Canal we had the whole crew lined up in the M. T. W. (*Marine Transport Workers Union of the I. W. W.*) but we decided not to kick about the lousy grub until we were clear of the Canal. It sure was lousy grub. The same old mystery stew every day, no flavor to it, dry beef like an old motorman's glove, Mississippi river coffee. After you were down below decks for a few watches, and had to eat that grub, and the tropics coming on, I tell you a forty-five day run didn't loom any too good.

Well, two days after leaving the Canal, Jim, Phil, Mack and myself decided it was time we had a little activity as there were thirty-four days until we reached the next port, Brisbane. The South Seas are not as romantic as pictured, if you're a dirty, hungry coal burner. We called a business meeting in the mess hall and Mack, Jim and myself were elected as kicking committee to interview his Majesty, El Capitano.

The Captain was a dirty old bum and he told us to leave his bridge and go to hell. His words did not tickle the rest of the sailors when we reported them. The steam took a decided drop as a result. But the steward and the skipper figured they had all the time in the world, so didn't improve the grub any. But the next afternoon at dinner time we walked into the saloon where all the officers were at table eating. Boy, they didn't know what to make of us. Without saying a word, I picked up the ketchup bottle off the table, Mack took the vinegar, while Jim, an educated coal passer, excused our actions thusly: "Pardon our rudeness, gentlemen, but being as we are somewhat short of these commodities, we have decided to borrow them for the time being."

The Captain with his gold-braided flunkies never opened their yaps in protest. I guess they were too surprised at Jim's fine language. They glared popeyed at us, and the Steward whined a little, but that was all.

Well, this put them a little wise to themselves and we got better grub the next few days. But I had a suspicion the skipper would try to get rid of us "ringleaders" so we told the crew to stand solid, regardless of what frameup was being planted.

Well, sure enough when we hit Brisbane the skipper tried to get rid of Mack, Jim and Phil by paying them off before the vice-consul. He claimed they were incompetent as firemen. The engineers couldn't back him up, as their logs showed good time. So the skipper lost out at the vice-consul.

Well, then we had the usual jamboree with them painted ladies in Brisbane, a few arrests and fines and then we proceeded to Sydney.

Well, it was in Sydney that we met our Waterloo. We bunkered coal and on the second day the Skipper reported that some rifles and ammunition were stolen from the cargo. We later found out that the colliers were the guilty parties. But about an hour before sailing time, Phil and Jim came on board and broke this bad news.

Mack was in the can charged with the theft of the rifles. It looked like the skipper was going to frame us one by one. Well, we called a strike then, right in the port. The firemen refused to get up steam and the sailors refused to cast off and let go lines until we got the details why Mack was in the can.

We sent a committee ashore to find out what the skipper was up to. In the meantime the skipper was running around the deck with a couple of guns and threatened to blow our brains out. (The skipper was a Southerner with a long moustache like Simon Legree and always had a stogie stuck in the corner of his mouth.) But

we did not let go the lines or raise steam. To hell with him and his toy cannons! The committee went ashore and found out in court that Mack was up on a different charge entirely, nothing to do with the ship at all. Well, it was too late to sail then so when we got back to the ship we turned in.

But the captain planned a fast one on us. They hired a tug and pulled us out at 12 midnight out in the stream and anchored there. Well, we seen that he had the best of us and so we decided to stand pat and see what was coming next. At about 10 o'clock the following morning the American vice-consul came aboard with about 20 Bobbies and the skipper had warrants for 17 of the Black Gang. The skipper tried to make it appear that the only cause of the trouble was the Black Gang and as I happened to be on the deck gang I remained aboard the vessel.

I later got all the details about the trial. Our educated coal-passer Jimmie took the defense of the crew and pretty near won the case but the skipper turned around and said that these men were desperadoes and just as soon would blow the ship up as themselves and that all hands were in danger. The American Vice-consul brought a little pressure on the charge and result was that they were all sentenced to 7 days in jail so as not to interfere with the sailing of the ship.

Well they rounded up a sort of a scab crew, and although we cursed these scabs out they claimed they did not know anything of any trouble and so finally reached Melbourne, and that is all I will write about this trip. I want to write a few words about the slaves in this country. None of the speed-up system here like they've got back in the States. They're organized out here in this country; good unions, not class-conscious, but they use their economic pressure pretty regularly. That's all now. Regards to all the 510 Wobs.

Yours for the Revolution,
"Blackie."



BIG BILL HAYWOOD

The iron leader of the I. W. W. died in Moscow last month, an exile from the land he loved and fought to set free. Big Bill is one of American labor's immortals. His life was huge and grand, like an epic of Walt Whitman. In a mean age dominated by commercialism only Labor can produce these men like mountains. Sleep well, Big Bill, under the Kremlin wall; the Revolution is marching on!



BIG BILL HAYWOOD

AMONG THE LUMBERJACKS

By WALTER BARBER

WE hired out in an employment office in Spokane to drive horses on a road job somewhere in Idaho. The guy looked at me when I told him I could drive horses. I was small and skinny, pale too. But Turk, my road-mate was big enough for both of us, red-faced, with a big voice and a big laugh. He had also a mop of black curly hair, which added to his virile appearance. The guy looked him over, then looked at me again. Finally he said, to me, "Well, maybe ya can skin horses. I'll take a chance on ya anyway. The big one looks like he can do anything. He'll take care of you if ya don't go over."

Turk's face beamed at this. He looked down at me condescendingly, and then winked at the guy. "Yea, I'll take care of the wart all right," he said. Then he laughed and made the windows shake.

We got our railroad tickets and slips of paper telling some company or other that we had been hired. For these we gave the guy behind the counter our last six dollars. That didn't worry us, however, because we each had a good suit of clothes at the hotel. These brought us ten dollars at a pawn shop on Monroe Street, and with that in our pockets we were all fixed. We almost decided to let the road job go pot, but I convinced Turk that it meant seeing more country, and if we didn't want the job when we got there we could ditch it. So we sat on the bridge, near the railroad station, and waited for our train. It was a late train, left at midnight, but we were afraid we would spend our money if we went uptown. While we were sitting there a couple of drunken Canadians came over and started to flirt with us. One of them pinched my cheek and asked me to give him a kiss. I gave him a jab in the stomach with my foot and sent him sprawling. But the other one was mean. He wanted to fight so Turk took him on. They grappled around in the dust for a while, and then Turk worked him over to the edge of the bridge, where the side-wall ended, and spilled him into the muddy water. We waited around for a minute to see if he would be able to get out, then picked up our bundles and went into the station. I decided that flirting with drunken Canadians was dangerous business. I was sore, too, because the big devils had asked me for a kiss. But Turk laughed about it and called me Mary, which didn't make me feel any better.

We climbed aboard the train at midnight. I had fallen asleep in the station and Turk had to almost drag me across the platform to the waiting train. But we got aboard all right and found a seat in the rear car. I went to sleep again, leaving Turk to talk with a dark-eyed girl in the next seat. She was pretty. Women always fell for Turk. I guess his black curly hair had some effect on them, or maybe it was his laugh, or his red cheeks. Anyway I left him to take care of the dark-eyed one and didn't wake up until dawn.

I opened my eyes and looked out the window. There was water on my side, smooth blue water, and on the other side too. The train was moving all right. Coming out of sleep to find myself in a train with water on both sides of it was almost too much for me. I stood up quick and looked around for Turk. He was sitting with the dark-eyed girl and they were laughing at me. I blushed and sat down. Then Turk informed me, in that virile voice of his, that we were going across a lake, and I needn't worry because the train was still on the tracks. I heard the girl tell him that we would soon be there. "There" was the town of Bonner's Ferry, our dismounting place. The way I felt I didn't care much whether we got there or not, but soon I saw smoke coming from the chimnies, and the spires of two churches. Then a row of dilapidated shanties along my side of the tracks, and I knew we were in town.

Our road job was in a place called Angel's Flat, which was about seven miles from Bonner's Ferry. We ate breakfast in a Chinese slop-house, then shouldered our bindles and began to tramp. Turk had said goodbye to the dark-eyed girl at the station. They had made various promises, and had vowed to see each other soon. Turk had a way with women. But we did not think of that as we ambled up the road thru the heavy dust. I didn't at least. I was thinking of the road job and worrying about getting started. I was a bit shy, partly because of my size, and it was always hard for me to convince bosses that I could do a man's work. I

suppose Turk was thinking of the girl, at that. He didn't talk much, just tramped along beside me, grunting now and then when he stubbed his toe on a rock. I didn't like silence, it worried me. I liked to hear people talk because it helped me to talk. I tried to get Turk started on something, but he would only "yes" me or "no" me. Finally I began to talk about the job and he opened his eyes wide. "By God, Wart," he said, "we are going to a job, aren't we? Jæese, I forgot that."

Then he stopped dead in his tracks and exclaimed with much conviction, "I've decided not to go. It would be a hell of a job anyway, up there in the sticks. Let's go back to town. There's a lumber mill there and we can get a job in it."

I was for going on. He was for going back. We quarreled about it and I called him a weak-kneed sap. But in the end I gave up and we went back to town.

Turk had spent most of his money on the train, buying things for the dark-eyed girl. I didn't cuss him for doing so because I knew Turk. He was no good with money. Anyway we had four dollars left and that, he said, was plenty. We went into a shack marked "Hotel" and roused a very old man with white whiskers off a stool in a corner. He tottered to the desk and showed us where to sign with a pen that appeared to be as old as himself, then led the way to a back room, dark and dirty, filled with the stale odor of former tenants. Turk jawboned him on the rent, telling him that our bindles were the same as luggage. I threw my bindle into a corner and went to bed. Turk said he was going out to look for a job, but I knew that he was going to look for the dark-eyed girl.

The mill ran a night shift, which fact gave us a double chance to get jobs. But, even the double chance didn't appear to be so promising. We hung around day and night, asking everybody we met for a job, and when our four dollars became the property of the Chinese slop-house, we began to get hungry. Finally, one night, the pond boss found himself short a man. I happened to be under his feet at the time and he sized me up.

"Kid," he said, looking down at me as though I were a flea, "do you know how to work with a pike?"

"Yes," said I, not knowing what a pike was.

"All right, get out there on the boom and they will give you one. You've got a job."

I went out on the boom and found the job. The boom foreman handed me a pike. It was a long pole with a steel point and a hook on the end of it. The idea was to balance yourself on the floating boom and direct the logs into a chute. I watched the guys doing it. They would throw the pike like a harpoon into a log and then pull the log along in the water. It looked easy. I felt like a real man out there. A bit of my confidence came back and I took a few steps along the slippery surface of the boom. Then, gathering courage, I plunged my pike into what appeared to be a good solid log. It was a big one and I pulled hard and steadily. It began to move. I had won. But the log was deceptive, rotten beneath the surface. I felt a sickening lessening of draw, a gradual easing out of the pike. The men had stopped work to watch me. They were standing open-mouthed, waiting for the inevitable to happen. And when it happened they relieved themselves with a lusty howl. I went over backwards into the pond and came up beneath a layer of pine logs. It was disheartening to find my head under water even though I had come to the surface. I almost went down again. But the old fight for life arose in me and I tore into the logs with all the savage strength I could command. I won that battle and three more like it that night. Perhaps I would have gone on winning them if the boom foreman had not decided differently. He pulled me out the last time, stood me up on the boom and held me there. "Kid," he said, "ya ain't no riverhog and we can't pay you to amuse these guys here. Best go up to the engine room and dry yourself. In the mornin' look for a job swabbin' dishes. That's more your line."

Strange to relate, I did get a job washing dishes, in the Chinese slop-house. And, I suppose, Turk found his dark-eyed girl, for I never saw him again. I didn't care, however, because I found a very dark-eyed girl one night in the street. She helped me to forget all about Turk and his way with women.

GIRLS IN JAIL

By DOROTHY DAY

I met a girl in Chicago some years ago by the name of May. She had been brought up in homes for incorrigible girls and had lived with a pickpocket and dope addict after she got out. But she cured herself of taking dope and left the pickpocket and had lived a calm honest life with a taxi driver for some years. There was a great deal of sweetness about her and for a year we were friends. Often she drank too much and grew raucous in her cups, but she never lost a fine sense of fair play and honor. I was very fond of her.

Then she had a quarrel with her taxi driver, and he went away. Her sense of loss was overwhelming. She lay down one night and took a bottle of veronal tablets and went to sleep. Her landlady notified the Cook County hospital so May was ministered to immediately and saved.

I had not seen her for a week and knew nothing about all this. One morning she called me up.

"I couldn't stand that damn hospital," she said. "I've lived in enough institutions. And I couldn't go back to my room. So I'm over at West Madison Street. Come and see me, will you?"

The house on West Madison Street was opposite I. W. W. headquarters and was a rooming house for men. We knew several of them, and one, an I. W. W. printer, had always been fond of May. It was to him she had fled. The rooming house was above a store. In addition to the rooms there was a huge common kitchen with a large gas and coal range. It was a general rule of the establishment to keep a large pot of "mulligan" always on hand, so that whoever came in could eat. This supply in the pot was replenished from day to day with vegetables and pieces of meat.

May being a most fastidious housekeeper I knew she would have no appetite for the unending pot of mulligan. So I made up a basket of sandwiches and fruit and took a taxi over to the west side.

We sat in the common kitchen for a time listening to the stories of the men. Then we went to her rooms to go to bed, for she had persuaded me to stay all night with her. It was eleven o'clock on a very hot July night. I lay down to bed in my chemise and May sat up in a chair dressed only in a pair of bloomers and a brassiere. We munched on sandwiches from the hamper, and talked. Suddenly we were horrified when the

door banged open and two strange men pushed their way into the room.

May recognized the type immediately.

"What do you two bulls mean by bustin' into our room? Can't you see we're perfectly all right?" Her tone was half defiant, half pleading.

I could say nothing. I was overwhelmed by a sudden feeling of sickness and fear, and with a mental shrug, tried to harden myself to whatever might come. Stonily May and I dressed—the men standing by—smirking and making playful remarks. With some show of indifference we accompanied them down to the street corner where we waited for the police wagon. Two other detectives there had charge of a young engineer who was rooming at the same place, and the pressman in the I. W. W. printing plant. This pressman had a long scar down the side of his face which drew down one eye and the corner of his mouth in a sinister frown. But we knew that he was gentle and kind and that he would give his week's salary to anyone who needed it.

We went swiftly through the dark streets, first to the station where the men were left, and then to the West Chicago Avenue station where women are always taken.

The cell into which we were put had windows on two sides through which we could see the stars and a moon. The six cots in the room were without bedding or sheets and the mattresses would not bear looking at. Earlier in the evening a drunken woman had occupied the cell and in her fury had torn a mattress to shreds and turned one of the heavy iron beds upside down.

May and I did not talk. We took off our dresses and regardless of how wrinkled they would get, spread them under us and lay down to seek escape from the horror we felt.

We were awakened next morning by the matron banging on the bars and calling out our names. I didn't recognize mine at first until May nudged me into remembrance.

"How about coffee and rolls," May called out.

"One dollar, my dear," said the matron, grimly.

During the rest of the day our attention was distracted from our own troubles by the arrival of other prisoners. Fifty girls were brought in a chattering, laughing troupe; eight of them put in the cell with us. During the afternoon the other cells were also crammed. The girls laughed and sang and called back and forth to one another, and rushed to the bars every time a new arrest was brought in.



THE TURKS RAISE HELL WITH BILL GROPPER

William Gropper is American Labor's favorite cartoonist. For this reason, when Bill reached Constantinople the Turkish custom officials seized all his drawings, ink, brushes, etc., and held them for eight days. The scene is pictured above. Bill also ran into an earthquake in Bulgaria. Otherwise he wants his friends to know he is well, but a little crazy over Soviet Russia, where he has made a big hit as cartoonist for the R. R. Workers newspaper.



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Our six cell mates rid themselves of their outer garments as soon as they were locked in, to keep them neat and for the sake of coolness. Underneath their street dresses the girls wore the sheerest of chemises, trimmed with fresh lace and ribbons. These were of all colors, yellow, green, rose and bright red and blue. When the girls rushed to the bars to shout greetings to others who were brought in, or to call to policemen they knew, they looked like the chorus of a musical comedy.

A group of girls usually worked together, I found. One of them, for legal purposes, constituted herself the head, or as she was booked on the police blotter, the "keeper" of the house. The "madam" in our cell, as one of the girls laughingly styled herself, was a tall, well-made young woman with close clipped black hair, brushed straight back from a broad forehead. The others called her Big Six and she led the rest in singing and story telling through the afternoon and the long night that followed.

I had been lying on one of the couches, with May lying at the foot. I was looking rather mournful, I suppose, when Big Six came over and comforted me. "The first time's the worst time, kid," she said kindly. "Come on, have some coffee and rolls and a cigaret and don't let it prey on your mind. Don't let them devils see that you care."

As a matter of fact, aside from an occasional sick feeling at the pit of my stomach, I was more interested than anxious. It was impossible to be melancholy around Big Six. Her vivacity in singing and story telling kept not only our cell, but the others aglow all through that afternoon and the long night.

Every now and then some lost child was brought in. Once it was a little Polish fellow who could not make himself understood and cried and bellowed until one of the girls acted as his interpreter.

Another time it was a boy of six and when the matron was at a loss as to which cell to put him in, all the girls contested as to who should have him. He was assigned to our cell, because the matron too was charmed by Big Six, and before the kid came in, all the girls hastened to put on their skirts or dresses. After they had paid the matron—I don't know what sort of a woman she was, who would not give bread and milk to a child—they fed him, and he sat on Big Six's lap while she rocked him up and down on the springs of the bed and crooned to him until he fell asleep. And the girls talked under their breath, and stopped their loud laughter and swearing then.

Late that night, a trembling little girl came in with a policeman who said he found her sleeping in a doorway. She refused to tell him anything about herself, but Big Six persuaded her to confess that she had been sent to the store earlier in the evening by her mother and that she had spent the money she should have used for groceries to buy herself a vanity bag. The girls persuaded her by little gifts of rouge and powder to tell her name and address. Her father was then sent for, and since her grocery money was replaced by some of the girls, he did not scold the child.

Although they showed their tenderness in many little ways, so that my heart swelled, there was cruelty in the girls, too. One of the prisoners brought in was an old washwoman who was accused of soliciting in Lincoln Park and the girls laughed and jeered at her, asking her how much she charged, until she put her face down into her bed and wept. But they had no pity on her.

Thanks to the girls, we had more coffee and sandwiches. In spite of the fact that the matron knew all the girls, she charged them a dollar for coffee and a sandwich, and a dollar for cigarets, but to show the kindness of her heart she loaned them a pack of cards to while away the night, provided Big Six would sing "Old Pal" for her. All the matrons were not so kind. One of them, they said, kept a house of her own and told the girls to come over there any Saturday night they weren't busy.

Next morning we were crammed into the policewagon, all of us sitting all over each other and even bulging out of the back of the bus. As we rushed through the streets, clanging, the girls leaned out and waved to passersby. "Too bad we haven't any cards with us," they said. One started singing, and the others took up the song, singing at the top of their lungs. On the streets people turned to stare and smile.

I was released after a lot of trouble and explanations by well-placed friends, but I did not regret the two days I spent in jail with those girls. For it is at such times that a strong sense comes upon me of love and sympathy for one's fellow human beings. One is reassured what a fine world this would be if humanity were given only half a chance.

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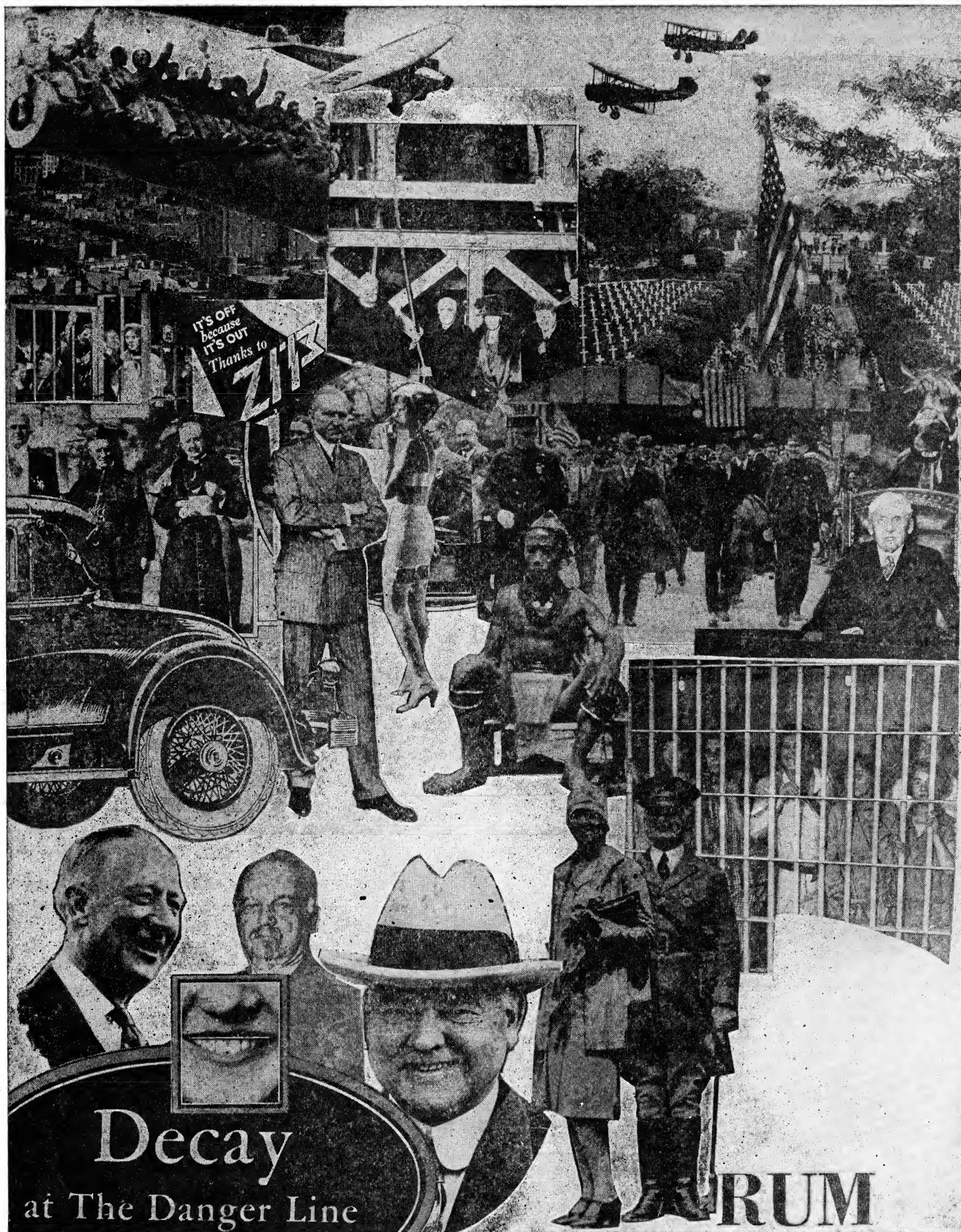
Stanley Burnshaw works in Pittsburgh. These are his first published poems.

"Blackie" manages the International Seaman's Club at 26 South street, N. Y. C. Ask for him when you visit there.

Maximo Pacheco, who drew this month's cover, is one of the illustrious group of Communist painters in Mexico.

Louis Blume is a young shoe worker in Boston. This is his first published poetry.

Walter Barber is now clerking in N. Y. and hates it like hell. Socrates Sandino is a carpenter in Brooklyn, N. Y.



Composition by Hugo Gellert

WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT?

They call it a Presidential Election, but it's all a bloody farce. Pickets still go to jail, smaller nations are still oppressed, Labor is hungry, there's a new world war coming, chorus girls get Rolls-Royces, whoever succeeds Clammy Cal.

A Miner's Good Morning

By Ed. Falkowski [Miner]

Each morning the same old whistles scream out of their metal throats. "Come to work! Come to work!" A hundred thousand miners hear the mournful and desolate blasts of the mine-sirens. A hundred thousand heads think the same thought—"Some poor bastard won't hear this music tomorrow, I'll betcha!"—"Hope I'll come through all right!"

Wives are already up. The aroma of coffee penetrates from the stove to the bed room—each morning's incense. Wifie is always a bit crabby in these gray hours. But inside her head one thought repeats itself over and over—"I hope to god he'll come back safe . . . he always says his job is so awful dangerous!" But to her husband she says, "Coffee's ready. How do you want your eggs?"

Miners walk down the gray streets in the early fogs. Their faces are intensely sober and unamused. Their boots make a "sqwuffing" sound that can be heard for squares. This boot rhythm is heard every morning down our street.

Meeting one another on corners, they grunt "good morning—nice day," in casual, dry tones. Conversation is always slack. Fragments from last night's spree come up in the talk. "She's a corker, isn't she?" "That brew had the kick of an old mule!" "Sure had!" tersely.

Under these dry masks lurk the tiny fears born of the mine-dark. Little, lean, gray mice leaping about the timbers and cribbings of their insides. The dull splashing of overhead rocks. Something stupid about their definite way of plopping down. Not so bad if you duck in time. The silence haunted by a thousand secret terrors that fill a day's work—the recurring hope that it won't be so bad after all—these fill the miner's breast every morning. But he never talks of these things. They are too close to him.

II.

Main street at night is a luminous ditch that splits the darkness of the town into east and west. Every night it puts on its gala air, and behaves like a sawed-off and hammered-down piece of Times Square. And miners put on their shiniest Broadway models and sport up and down, dropping into saloons and parking around cigar shops and pool rooms and hose houses, or smartly swagger up and down with a delicious maiden attached to their arms.

Main street is the life of the town. Theatre signs of throbbing green and red bulbs announce the latest. Soda parlors attract the local beauties to safe and sane cocktails. Saloons, precious to local tradition, still survive as the club-rooms and open-forums in a town shorn of any means of self-expression.

Gob-pile sages discuss the big issues of the ages between liberal swallows of illegal beer. A nickel-fed piano gorges the place with a patter of wild and aimless music. Beery chaps chime in with the impatient piano, adding their gruff voices to the tinny clatter of highfalutin jazz.

The saloon is at once the academy, the university, the debating club, the get-together and the free-for-all in a mining town. Sometimes used as a forum to clear up doubtful points of an argument, it frequently becomes a small Madison Square for fistic upstarts who try their aim on one another's noses, as schooners sail through the air, and a spray of beer showers down on bewildered customers. The bartender paces frantically up and down behind his bar, a frustrated Wilson in an international fracas, as Polack socks Irishman and Lithuanian tries to polish off a Dago with a healthy swat.

Main street has a Coney Island's view of the life that squirms on in the dark east and west of its night glitter. The sinister howls of whistles, the grinding of breakers, the heart-breaking gongs of ambulances, mean nothing to its hard routine of commerce and pleasure. A gas explosion may evaporate a hundred miners, or a rock-fall may crush a dozen. The newspaper will shed its professional tear over the tragedy, and at night Main street will parade its glitter, and "The French Kiss" will smack at the Strand as usual, with extra vitaphone features added, at a small price of 30 cents. This reduction took place since the Vitaphone fired the orchestra that once played there during shadowy performances.

III.

Well, there is drink. Plenty of it. It makes up for everything else that's missing out of the miner's life. It is Europe and Utopia and Communism and Tunney and Hollywood and love and faith

to the frustrated miner. His means of escape from the pressing despairs of his life.

Before he hits home from work he has his grog. At night he wets the classic whistle. Before he goes to bed, some more. On payday he swims in it, and lets out strange yells and hoots as he defies the world. He gets even with the house furniture, and becomes a caesar walking over the trembling ruins of his household belongings.

Or he sings old faded love songs, and sheds tears into his glass, and regrets that he ever mined coal in his life. He hates the life. Whenever he thinks of it, he must cry. Or drink and get crazy. There's no way out for him. The world is a locked place. The mountains—grimey culm banks—close him in. His whole life is lived inside a mine. He never sees the sky and doesn't know what dawn looks like. He must die, a mole with dirt in his head where eyes ought to be. And his children—more moles—"Maybe I'll make somethin' out of 'em!"

But in the morning the whistles sound their mournful chorus. He gets up, his head foaming. "It's time to get up!" cries his wife from the kitchen.

"Yes, goddammit, I'm comin'"—he answers and to himself he says, "Jesuschist—It's time to go to work—again." Thus begins a miner's other day.

End of St. Petersburg

I hate to get too enthusiastic in a review. It leaves me open to the charge that I am not critical. People don't take you seriously unless you assume an Olympian detachment. But here is one time I forsake the rules and risk ridicule. *The End of St. Petersburg* is the most exciting picture I have ever seen. Only *Potemkin*, the first of the Soviet masterpieces, ranks with it in point of artistic greatness.

Recently a New York *Times* correspondent tried to account for the enormous vote polled by the Communist Party in Germany. He offered as explanation the influence of Soviet art. We can regard this as absurd when applied to the proletariat. It seems logical, however, when applied to the intelligentsia. The intellectuals are rarely hungry, but the appeal of a vital art is to them irresistible.

One need not speculate too much on the effect of a film such as *The End of St. Petersburg* on the intellectuals of New York. Gorged with Hollywood's conception of sex problems, nauseated by tawdry melodrama and insipid travelogues, they were as joyous as children about *Potemkin*. *The End of St. Petersburg* completes the process. Naively enough they begin to learn:

1. That the revolution in Russia meant not the decline of art, not the decay of culture, but the rebirth of all cultural activities;
2. That a new art is rising in the new world;
3. That the decadence of our western culture can be fought only by changing our social system.

Such is the vitality of the film, such its devotion to cinematic values and its creation of fresh pictorial effects. And the wildly applauding audience around me evidently felt exactly as I do about it. Single scenes, that of the Bolshevik mother, for instance, sitting before a bare wooden table, the candle-light waving ominous shadows across her bitter face, overwhelm you with poignant suggestions. That scene is as perfect in its way as a portrait by Rembrandt. It is enough to foretell the doom of bourgeois sentimentality.

B. S.

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GYPSES USE FORDS NOW

By CHARLES YALE HARRISON

A scared farmer called on the telephone to warn all the neighbors that a band of gypsies was camped close by. "Lock up your hen-houses!" he said.

In a clearing near the state road I found the gypsies. A light rain was falling. As I approached the encampment I expected to hear strains of a throbbing gypsy dance. Actually I heard the sound of a portable phonograph scraping out "Blue Heaven."

Four large tents open at two ends . . . enormous goose-down quilts lying on the damp earth . . . dirty squalling kids . . . household effects piled high on Fords . . . second hand Buicks . . . not a horse in sight.

A group of young gypsies were standing about. No bright-colored silken scarves bound tightly about the head; instead, Truly Warner \$2.95 snapbrim felts; . . . oxford trousers, cheaply made . . . soiled Arrow colars . . . one gypsy wore a pair of plus fours.

"Hey, mister, gotta Camel? Hot dog — I need a smoke." I offered my pack.

"Gypsies?"

"Yeah, we're gypsies." This with a note of shame I thought.

We talked about the road, and he asked details of the next village. Swarms of dirty kids ran about us in cheap woolen sweaters, looking for all the world like kids in the slums of any American city.

I explained to a nattily dressed gypsy in his early thirties that I was a newspaperman. He became jovial and communicative at once, like a press agent.

"Say," he said eagerly, "say, I want you to know that nowadays us gypsies are different. No more stealin' chickens or horses. Yes, our women do a little fortune-tellin'—but it's on the level, no fake stuff. We go from city to city and work when we're in a town. Most of our men are good mechanics and coppersmiths. We work a little while and then go on." He took me aside and showed me a car filled with tools and overalls.

It was late evening. Cook-fires glowed here and there. I found no romantic gypsy stews were being concocted here. In the sizzling pans I saw Gobel's hot dogs and Heinz's pork and beans fresh from the can.

The women, I observed, still clung to their brightly-colored *tchalas*, the only genuine gypsy note in the whole dreary caravan. Their shoes, however, looked remarkably like the cheap-smart ones seen in shop windows on Fourteenth Street in New York.

Near one of the fires I saw an earring glittering in the ear of an old man. I started to speak to him. The gypsy publicity man drew me aside. "He's an old-timer—used to be a horse thief. He don't like us young fellers."

Later I managed to speak to the old fellow. He complained of the stinking macadam road, and of how the youngsters were becoming Americanized and industrialized. "Some of them marry American girls and settle down. In Philadelphia one of them bought a candy store." He laughed as though a gypsy buying a candy store was a strangely comic thing to do.

The old man smoked a long cherry-wood pipe and refused a cigarette when I offered it. "In the old days all we needed was a green field for our horses—God supplied the rest. Now we need cars and gasoline and batteries and oil; that's why our young men and girls have to work. If I steal a chicken once in a while the youngsters get mad and say that I am an old thief. Some of them even have bank accounts in the gypsy bank in Chicago. The road, too, is not what it used to be, it is lined with gas stations and hot dog stands. One cannot see the fields because of big billboard signs. Times have changed.

I went back to tell the farmers that their chickens were safe. These were not gypsies, they were migratory workers wandering from city to city with their families, like thousands of other American workers. No room for the carefree gypsy spirits in a country of factories. Crowd 'em out—make 'em work. This is America!

Walking down the road in the dark I heard the tinny phonograph. "Hot mama...hot mama." I heard no gypsy fiddler, though.

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HERALD-TRIBUNE

"Peculiarly fine conception . . . one feels sometimes as if this film were a remarkable news reel of the Russian revolution."
—Morduant Hall,
N. Y. TIMES

"'The End of St. Petersburg' is so remarkable in treatment and so significant to all lovers of the photoplay that this dramatic critic does not feel he can do it justice in the space remaining, particularly as its notice would appear under another film. . . . Realizing that a review of the film should appear in this issue, the critic begs the indulgence of his readers . . . he feels that neither the picture nor his duty as a film reporter would be done justice by hurried and insufficient work."
—Leonard Hall, *TELEGRAM*

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The Linesman, by William Siegel

A SOVIET HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Birth of a Culture

The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy, by N. Ognyov. Translated from the Russian by Alexander Werth. Payson & Clarke, Limited. \$2.50.

This is an amazing book. It is always something to wonder at when a grown man sets down the thoughts and emotions of an adolescent boy. But *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy* is something more than a psychological tour de force. It is social history of the first order—a cross-section of the new life that is being nurtured into strength in Soviet Russia.

We know little enough in this country of the actuality of this new life. Hundreds of books and magazine articles have been written on the Soviet Union, giving figures, facts, pictures of the new Russia. But facts and figures don't give you the flavor of the life of a people. For that we must turn to its art and especially to its literature. We have learned something of Soviet poetry from the translations of Babette Deutsch and Avrahm Yarmolinsky. We have had isolated glimpses of its prose fiction. And rumors. Gladkov's *Cement* looms huge in rumor, and for those who can read German (the Germans have been indefatigable translators of the new Soviet literature) its hugeness is real. We have heard names—Pilnyak, Serafimovitch, Furmanov, Romanov, Ivanov. Oh, yes, and we have had translations of the fictional dirges of czarist generals and other counter-revolutionists in need of a little pin-money—all, so the literary section of the *New York Times* assures, describing the Revolution with thorough impartiality.

And now there romps upon the literary scene *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy*, in a translation that is colloquial, dashing and resourceful.

There have been rumors of this book too. Tales of its great success in Soviet Russia and in other countries where it has appeared in translation have filtered into our own small American world. And portions of the second volume of the diary of Kostya Riabtsov, the fifteen-year-old Communist schoolboy, have been translated in the *Freiheit*, American Yiddish Communist daily.

It is easy to understand the international popularity of *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy*. It is as fresh, as engaging, as unliterary as *Huckleberry Finn*. It fulfills all that we have heard of the new Soviet literature. Here indeed is a stripling culture, stumbling its way to strength, feeling itself grow, its senses quicken with each discovery of the new world. It is a world which has nothing in common with the world of the literary estheticians from whose precise and sober minds trickle forth the masterpieces of contemporary bourgeois culture. This is no glorified esthetic onanism, ladies and gentlemen, but part of the great creative energy that will tear the lid off this stinking bourgeois world, comrades and fellow workers!

For try as the high priests will, they cannot perform the miracle of purging *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy* of its social milieu—the milieu of the overthrow of capitalism and the dictatorship

of the proletariat. This book will never be Pure Art. For good or ill, it bears the features of the first workers' and peasants' republic. It is something more than picturesque *Weltschmerz* when we find at the end of an entry in which the whole world has gone black for Kostya Riabtsov and his schoolmates that it is the death of Vladimir Ilyitch Lenin that has filled them with such unappeasable grief. The entire life at school, every group activity, every personal emotion is rooted in the new social order. And *The Diary of a Communist Schoolboy* is the diary of the childhood of an entire culture.

A. B. MAGIL.



The Linesman, by William Siegel

Beautiful But Dumb

The King of Spain: A Book of Poems, by Maxwell Bodenheimer. Boni & Liveright.

The verse of Maxwell Bodenheimer is competent, brilliant, and pleasing to the ear. It rarely attains intensity because the words are trickily and often carelessly used, and tend to become meaningless. For this reason, a good deal of the imagery falls flat. His best stuff, nevertheless, is in the sensual vein. Bodenheimer does not possess the vital intellect necessary to back up his aggressive pen. His affectation and nervously self-conscious sneers affect unfavorably the intrinsic qualities of particular poems. The bourgeois reviewers accuse him of being disgruntled and overly-sentimental, and they are right.

Ideologically, Bodenheimer is the perfect, vague "liberal" of indefinite intelligence. Like all the pseudo-intelligentsia and individualistic high school students, he is probably afraid of being "classified." But he possesses exceptional powers of analysis and description, and when not overcome by the specific "bee-yoo-ti-ful" weaknesses and diseases that he knows so well how to caricature, his poetry becomes very direct and very important.

HERMAN SPECTOR.

Who Said Freedom?

Let Freedom Ring, by Arthur Garfield Hays. Boni & Liveright. \$2.50.

Arthur Garfield Hays needs little introduction. Associated with the American Civil Liberties Union, he has participated in several of the most momentous trials conducted in America during the past ten years.

Let Freedom Ring is the ironical title of Mr. Hays' legal record. It is a record at once of failure and of success: success because each case he describes has awakened widespread interest and indignation; failure because none of these cases have resulted in public and governmental acknowledgement of a principle permanently and definitely victorious. In short, Mr. Hays has done his work well, but the reactionary forces have been too strong for him.

Under the general headings Freedom of Education, Freedom of Speech and Assembly, of the Press, of the Stage, of Residence, and of Opinion, Mr. Hays outlines the Scopes "Monkey Trial," the American Mercury Case, the Sweet Case in Detroit, the battles for the right to speak and meet in Boston, West Virginia, Passaic, and Paterson, the case of "The Captive" in New York, and the Sacco-Vanzetti Case. Mr. Hays is not a literary man; he is a lawyer even in his prose. He writes bluntly, sometimes stumblingly, because he is concerned merely with a description of the facts involved in each trial, and not with the creation of atmosphere. And yet the very bareness of the narrative, its simplicity and its lack of literariness, make it effective where stylistic writing would have been ruinous. And this is so because the matter with which Mr. Hays deals is so dramatic, so furiously exciting, that it can well afford to stand alone, without embellishment.

Those of us to whom the murder of Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti was a trumpet-call to action, to whom the brutal pogroms against the strikers of Passaic and West Virginia were grim reminders of the world war that has just begun, will feel the emotions that have been dormant in us rise again. There is nothing pretty in this book; it is ugly and vicious. It is the ugliness and viciousness of American life, underlying all the glitter of Hollywood and the Sunday Magazine Sections of our metropolitan newspapers. It is composed of material that had to be put into a book that no one is better qualified to assemble than Arthur Garfield Hays. But there will be other books written on that material, written by men with another point of view. For Mr. Hays finds something "... that keeps (him) from becoming unduly pessimistic" and that leads him to say that "... we are making some progress, the future is brighter. . . ." Surely we are making some progress, and the future is brighter, but not because America will eventually return to its "ideals" and once more guarantee us our "constitutional rights." You have to be pretty naive to believe that. I'm quite certain that Mr. Hays doesn't believe that himself. Something else is needed to achieve justice and freedom: a reorganization of the very basis of our life.

BERNARD SMITH.



The Linesman, by William Siegel

LETTERS FROM AMERICA

Shoe Worker's Holiday

The trimming cutters are handsome, most of them; young, and well-dressed. Their hair is combed, and stays that way. Their fingers are gum-taped where the knife slipped; the right fore-finger is worn down skimming leather.

They come in to work at seven-thirty, at eight, nine, or when they please. They work like devils, in twists and jerks. If you ask them how much they are paid, they will say, "Oh, this is a fair job. We pull down \$1.20 an hour." But this is what statistics say, the Massachusetts Department of Labor statistics for 1926: "During this year the pay envelopes of the trimming cutters averaged \$21.50."

The reason: not enough work to go around.

The edging machine in the lasting room sounds like a dentist drilling your teeth. There is a lengthy argument on the bounce in the trimming cutting room.

"Jake, where is Tripoli?"

"Italy, you sap."

"You're wrong, it's somewhere in South America. We'll ask Gene."

"Gene, where is Tripoli?"

"Somewhere in Africa, I guess. Dammit all, I wish I had some education. Let's ask the bookkeeper."

"Never mind the bookkeeper, let's ask George. He went to high school, I think."

The boys are persistent. They don't drop a question until it's settled. When that matter is threshed out, the boys will sing; one catches the song where the last left off.

If you nudge someone at work by mistake, he will surely curse you! But if you nudge him on purpose, he will punch you in the ribs, and throw half a dozen patterns at you. If a trimming cutter throws the patterns at you, he will have to pick them up again and arrange them in order. So that is a sign he likes you. The boys are so fond of each other they have scarcely any time to work. And it is often they haven't the opportunity. Not enough work for everyone.

When the foreman comes around with the announcement: "Sorry, boys, no work today. Come around tomorrow, there may be something doing;

"Good," say the trimming cutters. "Great. Let's go to the movies," and "Jake, take out that pack of cards; no limit." But if you speak to any one of them alone, he will say, "Hell—and damn."

The truth is, you are idle a month for every week's work you get as a shoe worker. So, what I say is:

Never try the shoe racket. It doesn't pay. I've worked it for two years. The first job I had lasted three months. I didn't know enuf to quit earlier. A five-week stretch was my last; and all I have to show for it is ten dollars.

LOUIS BLUME.

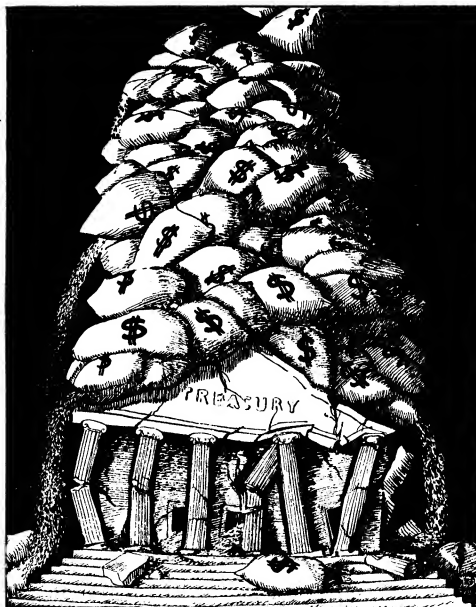
Boston, Mass.

Professors

*You cast an eye upon a shapely limb
And twitter in the Menckeneze,
(You smooth-talking pimps of the bourgeoisie!)*
*You obscene fossils with scholastic tar-a-diddle
And fi-fo-fum of Egypt's queens:
Of why and where Kit Marlowe died.
(Who would have scorned your fol-da-rol!)*
*And thousands cash to prove that Pharaoh's beard
was curled*
*Or find the den where Daniel "guypped" the lions.
(Shekels that would have saved a strike
Or fed a hungry mob!)*
*And patent-leather walking on the necks
Of those they never see,
Whose words will be a sword
To split the little egos of such as
You and you and you—*

JAMES A. MILLER

IT WILL FALL



drawn by Wm. Siegel

Dancing Girls

Slowly they revolve to the sensuous, slow, half-wild strains of the Cuban "danzon." In a tight embrace, more intimate than that of the bedroom. The men radiate a kind of animal pleasure. But the girls are weary—their eyes hollow and darkringed, their thin bodies drooping with weariness.

The dancing girls are hired to dance with the men in this dance hall; they get five cents for each spasm. The proprietor gets the other five cents. There are three bands; and as soon as one stops, the next blares forth in the wild music. So from nine in the evening, until three the next morning, the girls must dance without an intermission.

Working girls driven to exhaustion by dancing. What poor entertainment for the workmen looking for a bit of pleasure after the day's toil. Relentless barbaric music, driving these girls on. You seem horrible, you seem worse than the roar of a factory motor!

"Do you see that young mulatto girl over there?" asked my escort, pointing to a slight dark girl in a filmy dress. "That is Perla—she is sixteen years old, and she supports her widowed mother and two young brothers by this horrible dancing."

Perla danced mechanically. She was in the arms of a corpulent sweaty man; he tried to smile at her, but she turned her face away. She was bored and sad; there was pain in her sweet dusky eyes.

A red light flooded the dance hall. The dusky native musicians chanted a wild chorus that stirred the blood. The native drums beat the tom-tom of the danzon; scrape, scrape, went the gourds; the clavet-sticks and rattles clacked out the rhythm; a hundred bodies wriggled and squirmed against the bodies of the poor little dancing girls.

At the end of the dance Perla received a little pink ticket, which meant another five cents. She had 26 of these thus far; 26 nickels, 26 obscene, weary embraces.

All so frank, so ghastly, so capitalistic. Even joy has been commercialized under capitalism. Weariness seeking joy from weariness. In a Cuban dance hall in Havana.

MARIE OBERLANDER.

Havana, Cuba.

A Tough Proposition

Shannon and Birger are a couple of floaters who are in town and are active in the formation of the national association for the unemployed. A-No.-1 boys, both of them, and hard workers when they get into something close to their hearts. Well, Shannon and Birger told me just one little story of the difficulties they are running up against here. It's about an old unemployed man.

Shannon and Birger told me that the big-hearted gents who run the local flophouse didn't exactly turn the old man out in the street. The flophouse operators only told the old man he couldn't have his cot any longer. They told him he could sleep on the floor if he wanted to. But the old man's dying of T. B. and a bed on the floor isn't prescribed by the sawbones. He hasn't long to live at the best, in fact he wanted to get it over with some time ago. He asked them to take him down to the river and let him jump in, but they couldn't see things his way.

Shannon and Birger are trying to raise money to buy the old man a bed and some fresh milk. It seems that the local refuge doesn't furnish fresh milk to a penniless old man dying of tuberculosis. Shannon and Birger are having one hell of a time. They haven't any work themselves and this town isn't exactly generous to bums. The boys are familiar with the main stems of a good many big towns in this country, but they're finding Washington rather a tough proposition.

So is the old man who is dying of tuberculosis. I guess he'll have gone over the river by the time this gets in print.

LEBARBE.

Washington, D. C.

A Steel Worker's Yarn

I was helping the roller on Number 8 mill and a collar on the spindle of the power shaft broke and a piece of it hit the catcher of Number 11 mill in the head and killed him. The lack of concern, in regards to his fate, seemed to me callous. I just couldn't help writing the following piece, called "Rolling Steel," which I am sending you.

ROLLING STEEL

Bang! Bang! Bang!
"All out, Big Boy!"

It is a hundred and twenty in the shade, with no shade as usual. The heat is terrific. You can see great masses of it rising up from the floor. If one spits on it, it sizzles, gains momentum, and disappears in a flash. Everyone is "all in." Some, more so than others. You can see them pant like dogs in July. Their clothes are spotted with salt sweat. They can reach anywhere, grab a handful of clothes, and wring the sweat out. The only ones not sweating, however, are the turn foreman and mill superintendent.

Bang! Bang! BANG!
Boom! Bumpety, bump, bump!
Toot!

A broken roll! Hooray, somebody's going home! Which crew is the lucky one? They're all running toward that mill. Oh, it isn't a broken roll! The collar on the spindle of the power shaft broke and a piece of it hit the catcher on the head. They're carrying him out. It's the last time the "boys" will ever see him.

The millwright and his corps of assistants have put another collar on the spindle.

TOOT! TOOT!

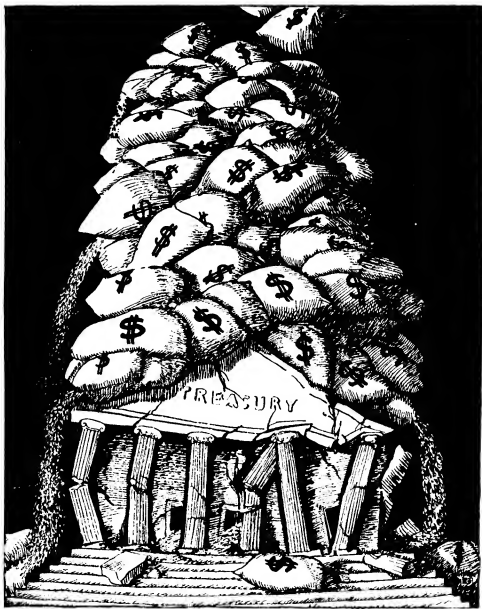
The pair heater is dragging down another charge. The rougher is poking them through the mill again.

BANG! BANG! BANG!
So the work went on.

EVAN J. EVANS.

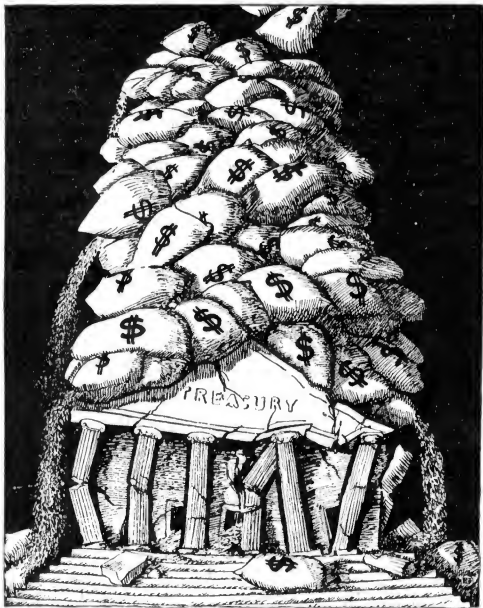
Canton, Ohio.

IT WILL FALL



drawn by Wm. Siegel

IT WILL FALL



drawn by Wm. Siegel

MORE FROM AMERICA

SLAVE TO A TYPEWRITER

So often you have stories and letters in the NEW MASSES about workers in factories and mines and railroads. But you never say a thing about the workers in offices.

I suppose most workers think it is a soft job working in an office and that office workers don't deserve any sympathy. But that is because they never worked in an office and don't know what conditions are.

I work in one of the big insurance companies as a typist. There are hundreds of us girls doing the same sort of job. Many of us work under electric lights, because there are not enough windows for us and the heads of departments both to have daylight; so of course the big boys get the good spots.

Like most offices, ours has not got any real system for ventilation. The only way we get fresh air is to open the windows once in a while and that makes the fellows by the window cold. So down go the windows in a hurry and we have to keep on breathing the bad air all day and getting more and more tired.

When I started in being a typist I was very quick. I had a job first in a dress shop; but after a while the workers had a strike and I went down when they did. Of course I lost my job, because I had no union to make the boss take me back when the other workers were taken back. Somebody told me about joining the Bookkeepers', Stenographers' and Accountants' Union at that time, but when I went to see them they said they could not do anything about getting me my job back and I said what's the use of joining a union like that.

Then because I was a good typist I got a job in a public stenographer's office and I used to do lots of work typing manuscripts. That meant that I pounded a typewriter steadily all day long, hour after hour. And a typewriter is just as tiring as any other machine. I had to keep hitting one key after another, and not make a single mistake. My hands and my arms and my shoulders would ache like a toothache. If I sat still a few minutes to rest, the boss would call out, "Ain't you got anything to do?" And I would have to go back to typ-

ing or he would bring me some new job. I was supposed to be just like a machine and never get tired.

After a couple of years of this, I got rheumatism in my hands and I had to stop work for six months. I had been earning a pretty good salary, \$23 a week, when I was a very fast typist; but after the rheumatism I could not go so fast.

I have been here in this insurance company for a year now. I get the lowest salary, \$15, because I am so slow. We get lunches free, to make us feel good toward the company; but they are such rotten lunches we go to eat a bar of chocolate most of the time. It sounds good to say in the company's annual report that they give their employees lunch, but the employees would like to have a little more salary and buy their own soup and sandwiches.

And the employees would like to have a little less of the speed up system. I hear that in Russia now they have set a definite number of pages of typing as a full day's work. No worker can be made to do more than just so much. No head of a department can come around saying, "For heaven's sake haven't you finished those pages yet? I've got twice as many more waiting to be done. Hurry up; you've got to finish these up today." And if you don't finish by 5:30 you have to stay overtime; and your extra pay is 50 cents supper money—no matter how late you work.

A few months ago I read in the papers that the Bookkeepers' Union was going to begin organizing the Metropolitan Life Insurance employees. In our office we were all excited—only we kept pretty quiet about it. We thought if they got a union started in the Metropolitan the other insurance companies would be easy. But I don't know what happened. The organizing was dropped. Evidently somebody got cold feet.

Well, I hope if that union can't do the job someone else will try. For the same reasons that the miners and Pullman porters and textile workers need a union, there is bad need of one for us white collar slaves.

ADA NEUMAN.

Newark, N. J.

"GET OUT THE GAS MASKS"

We were sailing for New Orleans. We had left Havre in a French boat and had stopped at Vigo and Gijon in northern Spain. There we had picked up several hundred peasants from the Pyrenees. Agents from the sugar refineries in Cuba had been among them, flashing money and clothes and bragging of the wealth to be made, and had signed them up for work for their companies in Cuba.

They came aboard with all their possessions. One little girl carried a cage with two green birds in it. Used to the open, they would not sleep below deck, but improvised tents out of blankets on the hatch-covers. They ate little of the ship's food, mixing with water a flour they had brought in sacks; they made a kind of dough which they ate without cooking. Like most mountain people they had their bagpipers with them, and like most primitive people, when the moon was bright and high in the sky, they came out and danced, danced on and on until the monotony of the pipes drove the cabin passengers into a temper and the dancers into a wild ecstasy.

This service from Havre to New Orleans via Spain and Cuba was one the company was seeking to popularize among people going to the western and southwestern states. Previously necessary to land in New York, the New Orleans landing cut the railroad fare west in half. This and competition with American shipping had given the line all sorts of competition. Every difficulty the port authorities could invent to prevent regular service was coupled with more dangerous efforts to injure them by obedient port pilots.

At Havana I went ashore and when I returned I saw the ship doctor rushing around and heard him shouting "I must go ashore immediately. Gas masks are necessary."

I went on deck. Everything was in confusion. People were running about shouting in French and Spanish. The center of the trouble seemed to be one of the holds mid-ship. I went there and looked down. Far below, stretched out as if dead, I saw the Black Gang. I was told they had been gassed. Finally someone came with a gas mask, dropped down, tied ropes around the victims, and hauled them up. Two were brought to life. The others died.

We had no engine crew; we couldn't sail. The ship was in Havana over a week. There was the usual investigation. The port authorities had come aboard to fumigate the ship, they said. It is a quaint courtesy they do the U. S. before the ship goes there. Quite unfortunately they had failed to see whether or not the crew was out of the hold before fumigating. That was the captain's job, they said. He was entirely to blame, the court decided. He asked why gas had been used, more deadly than trench gas. They told him it was his fault, anyhow. Hire a crew and get out. Strange—he couldn't get a new crew. He had to turn officers and mess boys into stokers to get to New Orleans.

On deck with him that night, as we were crossing the Gulf, the captain said, "You see, they wouldn't even stop at murder."

The service was discontinued.

FRANK HANLEY.

New York City.

KEY TO A TOILET

There's a good job open at Marshall Field & Co., the wholesale concern in Chicago. The largest general merchandise wholesale in the country. They say, in the world.

Take the general sales department. You begin at \$18 a week. If you're the son of a customer in Kokomo, Ind., just out of college, you might get \$20. But it's not the money. The employment manager told me that himself.

A couple years in the sales department, he said, and you're sure to "get on the road." You begin for a year at \$25 per on the road. And of course your expenses, and what you can knock off on the swindle sheet. But that isn't much.

You learn to dictate business letters. You learn how to "deal with people." Also, you are treated as a gentleman. In fact, as a salesman—no, as a "merchandise man." That is, if you continue to look presentable on 18 a week and display the proper "Field spirit."

The signs in the wash-room, changed every few days, make success quite easy. Be clean, be courteous, don't loiter, wash your hands—and don't read those inflammatory leaflets the office workers' union distributed in front of the building. Of course not everybody got one. The cops chased those birds.

Every five years you get a service button. There are different ones for 10, 15 and 25 years. If you work 50 years (they do—I've seen them) your button becomes a gold badge with a couple diamonds stuck in it. You get roses on your desk, and all the department heads come in to congratulate you right in front of everybody. Even the head of the concern. I wonder what the stable boss thought about when he got his 50 year badge. 50 years in a stable ain't so hot.

But then there's another advantage. The men's wash-room in the basement is a free-for-all. With the exception of three tiny compartments. Those doors have locks on them. Only the officers have keys to them. The officers—and the fifty year men. That's something too. You get a key to a private compartment in the men's toilet after you've worked 50 years for Marshall Field. Maybe it's worth it. I've never been in one.

You get a raise every year. If you don't, "because the firm didn't do so well this year"—you are at least told why. Everybody calls you "Mr." That's something. And everybody calls you "Sir."

Yes, sir (that's my Field training), here's a wonderful opportunity. The late Bert Williams said it: "For somebody else—not me." I just quit the damn job. And I don't want it back if I never get another. I know when I'm licked.

HARRY NEVERS.

Chicago, Ill.

OPPORTUNITY

Man wanted, young; large construction company has opening for young man with car for outside clerical work. Rapid advancement for ambitious worker. Concrete Corp., 542 S. Dearborn. Room 311.

About sixty of us, ages anywhere from 28 to 40, answered that ad. If the ad had called for a man without a car the chances are 260 would have answered it. After waiting two hours for the manager we were finally admitted into the waiting room. By this time half of the job-seekers had drifted away. Being the second in line I stuck it out, thinking I might have some chance. We filled out an application blank giving our life history in brief and then were presented to the manager one by one. The first applicant came out from the office smiling, in about one minute. My turn next, and I left in one-half a minute.

The job paid \$18 a week.

C. O. NELSON.

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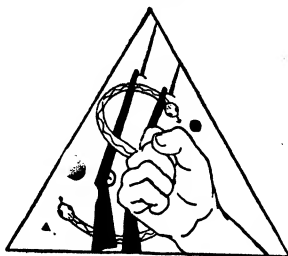
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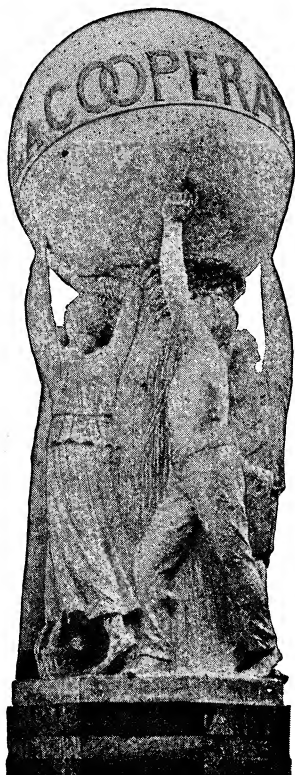
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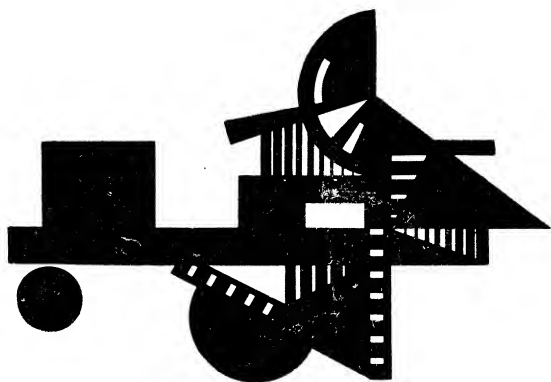
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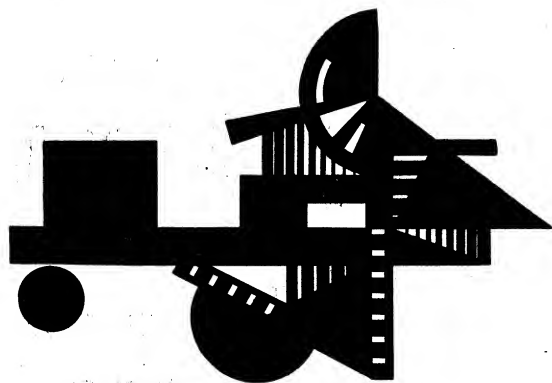
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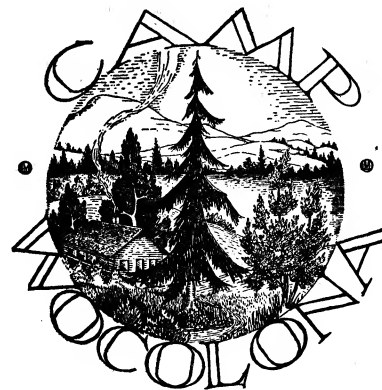
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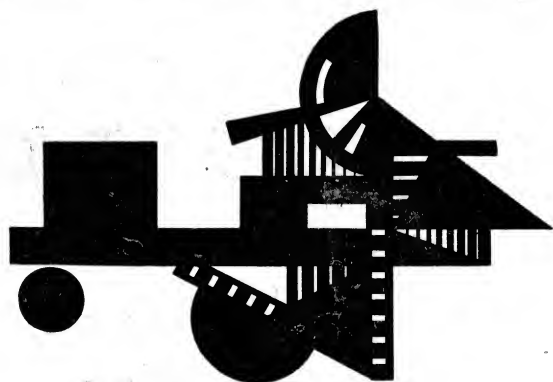
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